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Miss Cornelia Knight was born in the year 1757. Her father was a naval officer, who in 1762 commanded the man-of-war, the 'Ramillies,' which was visited by Dr. Johnson as she lay off Portsmouth in that year. The Doctor made himself very agreeable to the officers, but was much impressed with the apparently wretched condition of the men. On his departure, the young midshipman who had landed him asked him if he had any further

commands. Johnson begged him to tell the first lieutenant that he requested he would leave off swearing. The midshipman replied, "that sailors were such an unruly set that you couldn't get them to do anything without using pretty strong language." "Then," said the Doctor, "tell Mr. — that I beseech him not to use one oath more than is absolutely necessary for the service of his Majesty." Miss Knight's childhood was passed in that kind of society in which Johnson and his set were familiar figures. Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, Bennet Langton, and Beauclerk, she knew well. Dr. Johnson often visited at her mother's house, and used to bear being contradicted by Lady Knight with unwonted suavity. When she was about eighteen her father, then an admiral, died; and though his services should have secured a pension to his widow, Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty, refused to grant her one, on the ground that she was too well off. She presented a remonstrance, drawn up by Dr. Johnson. But it was of no avail; and in the spring of 1776 she quitted England, where she could not afford to live in comfort.

The next twelve months were spent partly at Paris and partly at Toulouse and Montpellier. In the former capital Miss Knight took especial notice of the splendour of the Faubourg St. Germain; the vast mansions, with their large courtyards in front; the richly-dressed Swiss porters; the gaily painted carriages, with gold coronets on the panels, for ever pouring in and out; and the ladies and gentlemen full dressed in the morning in all the glories of patches, powder, and diamonds, bagwigs and swords. She stood close to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as they passed into chapel at Versailles, and afterwards was admitted to see the Comte and Comtesse d'Artois at dinner. The King even then, only three years after his accession, looked grave and melancholy. Marie Antoinette was remarked rather for her graceful figure and her winning smile than for beauty of feature. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was then called "the winged Mercury," and his "open-hearted and benevolent countenance" made a deep impression on Miss Knight, which remained after the lapse of half a century. The society of Toulouse was less brilliant, but apparently more to Miss Knight's taste than that of Paris. The Languedoc aristocracy had their town-houses in this city, where they passed the winter instead of going to Paris, and their parties were agreeable and easy. At Montpellier Miss Knight was fortunate enough to witness the opening of the Assembly of the States, or provincial parliament, on the 27th of November. The Comte de Périgord, whether he of the *pâtes* or not deponent saith not, represented the King, while the Archbishop of Narbonne spoke on behalf of the States; and a very good speech he made in favour of free trade, the English alliance, and peace with England. He was a very fine-looking old man, a brother of Lord Dillon, and had served, when a young man, in the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy. He died a refugee in England about the year 1802.

From Montpellier, Miss Knight proceeded by easy stages to Rome, where she arrived on the 9th of March, 1777, and where she remained till 1785. During her residence in this city, she came in contact with many distinguished persons, among others the Emperor Joseph II., the King of Sweden, and the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. But the most prominent figure in Roman society at that time was a certain Cardinal de Bernis, of whom Miss Knight tells an infinity of good stories. Roman society at

this time amused itself with two different kinds of conversazioni—those of *prima sera*, where cards were not introduced; and those of *seconda sera*, where they were. Ices and lemonade were handed round, and the guests began to come about nine and went away at half-past eleven. Great regularity was observable in the proceedings at all these parties. The ladies always sat together in one part of the room, and many of them even had their own chairs, in which they were always to be found. When a lady arrived, her servant shouted out "Torcie!" and two servants of the house then came down stairs and lighted her up with torches. The master or mistress of the house always stood near the door, and got over the ceremony of reception as quickly and easily as they could. The system of *cavalieri serventi* did not shock Miss Knight's English notions as much as might have been expected:—

"I firmly believe," she says, "that many of those intimacies, which are so much criticized in other countries, were perfectly innocent, and it was very usual to go into company attended by two, sometimes by three gentlemen. Very respectable young women did this, and it was certainly the safest way. These made her party at cards; and when she left the assembly, she wished them 'good night,' and went home with her husband. Light characters were thought ill of at Rome, as they are everywhere, though they were not so much pulled to pieces. Women never went together to parties, unless for the purpose of a presentation, or a masquerade: if a lady was invited to a dinner party, her husband also was asked. . . .

"The theatres were open only during Carnival, that is to say, between Christmas and Easter. No women were allowed to appear upon the stage. All conversazioni, except those of old ladies, or of cardinals, were suspended during Carnival, unless on a Friday, when there was no opera. For the first four nights it was the custom that everybody should go dressed, and even those who had boxes of their own liked, on these occasions, to go to the ambassadors' boxes, where they were more in sight, and certainly had the best view. The Governor of Rome had the middle box on the second tier, which was counted the best, and the ambassadors of France and Spain were on each side of him, the other ambassadors following. These and the Governor were alone permitted to have lights in their boxes, and for the first four nights the latter used to send ices and biscuits round to all the boxes of the three lower tiers—there were, in all, six tiers—beginning with the corps diplomatique.

"We frequently accompanied Madame du Puy-Montbrun, and the society in our box usually consisted of the old Prince of Palestrine, the Abbé de Bernis, and the Chevalier du Theil, 'un savant très caustique,' whom the Court of France had sent to examine certain manuscripts in the Vatican, and who lived at Cardinal de Bernis'. We had also occasional visitors from the corps diplomatique. Madame du Puy-Montbrun was correct and serious, handsome, sensible, and only thirty-six. I was very young and very animated, but vainly would any of the gay prelates or young travellers have endeavoured to effect a comfortable entrée. Madame du P. was reserved, and the old prince and the chevalier were immovable, and the only prelate who was not old, but very agreeable, was Monsignor la Somaglia, belonging to a noble family of Parma. He was a man of elegant learning and manners, but, by the gay, was accused of too much devotion."

In Miss Knight's interview with the Countess of Albany, she learnt that the Prince had grown intemperate in his habits, and even parsimonious towards his household. But she acknowledged that he had one good quality: he never betrayed a secret, and never disclosed who had belonged to his party till after their death. He crossed over to England, she said, in 1752. It is now, indeed, generally believed that he was in this country at some period subsequent to the rebellion of 1745, and the various dates

* Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess of Wales, with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote Books. Two Volumes. 26s. (Allen and Co.)

that have been assigned to his visit may be found in a note to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Unless there were two visits, which is very unlikely, 1752 seems as likely a period as any other. At least, it must have been in the reign of George II., and not at the coronation of George III., if there is any truth in the story that George II. knew of it, and asked one of his ministers what he ought to do with his visitor. The statesman, it is said, was greatly embarrassed on the occasion, not liking to recommend leniency, for fear of being thought disaffected, nor yet to advise harshness, from a conviction of its impolicy. The King, however, acted on his own discretion, and nothing was done.

Miss Knight left Rome on the 2nd of May, 1785, and reached Naples on the afternoon of the 5th.

"The dress of the common people," she tells us, "was very slight, though very often exceedingly picturesque. The women wore their hair in the style of antique statues, and none of them had any stays. Ladies, even of the highest rank, went about with only a ribbon tied round their head, and seemed by no means scrupulous as to etiquette. Many of them kept running footmen, but these were very dirty. A black petticoat and a mantle that covered the whole figure, were generally worn by all women, except those of the lowest order."

During the next six years, she travelled about the south of France and Italy, passing some time at Genoa, of which she has left us a very interesting and picturesque account. Much of her own peculiar splendour still lingered round "that queenly city." Her aristocracy, with their grave and polished manners, and their rich but sombre costume, was still magnificent. And, perhaps, on no other spot of all Europe could the spectacle have been still witnessed of a nobility which despised arms, and founded its gentility upon commerce. The Genoese nobles were indeed merchant princes, in a literal as well as a rhetorical sense. Each one of them was a sovereign, and for this reason he could not be a servant. As he scorned service in the army, so he never condescended to diplomacy. Genoese ambassadors were always chosen from an inferior order in the State; and a lady once apologized to Miss Knight for speaking to an officer in uniform. The navy, however, was an aristocratic service. But this may possibly be explained upon two grounds, though Miss Knight seems to have heard nothing to that effect. The splendid traditions of the Genoese navy may have caused it to be treated as an exception; or possibly, something resembling the old Venetian system may have pervaded it formerly, if not then, according to which, the great nobles found their own ships, and co-operated with, rather than served under, the admiral for the time being.

In 1791, Miss Knight returned to Rome, where she seems to have led the same kind of life for another seven years, which she had led during her first visit. But in 1798, Rome was occupied by the French, and the authoress and her mother with some difficulty effected their escape to Naples. This was in the month of February, and Miss Knight continued at Naples throughout the whole of that year, the glorious year of Aboukir. She was a witness of the wild rejoicings with which the Neapolitans hailed the destruction of the French fleet, and has left us one of the most graphic pictures on record of the first appearance in the Bay of Naples, of the English sloop, which brought the news of the victory. She was sitting one morning at an open window, reading aloud to her mother, when suddenly her eye caught a sail in the horizon. All Naples, we should say,

was on the tiptoe of expectation, waiting for some news of Lord Nelson; and Cornelia was unable to fix her attention on the book, when once the idea had taken possession of her that the sail belonged to an English sloop of war. Her mother soon joined her at the window, and the two together sat watching the approaching vessel through a telescope. All they could at first distinguish was that the ensign was a blue one; but that might mean that the vessel belonged to Lord St. Vincent's squadron as well as to Lord Nelson's. Soon, however, a boat put off from the shore, carrying some English residents, impatient to ascertain the truth. Two officers now became visible on the deck of the sloop, and shortly it was apparent that both wore gold epaulets. This could only imply that the commander of the sloop had another English captain in his company. And for what purpose, unless he was the bearer of despatches? The two ladies even fancied they could detect in the gestures of the two officers as they conversed with the gentlemen in the boat, the description of some great event, and imagined them to be representing the blowing up and sinking of ships. A little more suspense, and they found their wildest hopes exceeded. A conquest, as Nelson called it, and not a victory, was announced. The French fleet was annihilated. And the words in which Miss Knight describes the issue, though they sound, perhaps, hyperbolic to us, doubtless does no more than justice to the universal emotion which it caused.

Miss Knight had the pleasure of being the first to carry the news to a brave old native officer, General di Pietra, who lived in a house adjoining her hotel, with which there was a door of communication. She ran to the door, and told the news to the general's servant. The man's exclamations were heard in the general's dining-room, where he had a large party to dinner. The secretary was sent out, and he instantly compelled Miss Knight to come and tell her story in person to the assembled guests. The ringing shouts of delight, mingling with the crash of broken glass, as toast after toast was drunk in quick succession by the excited company, formed a scene which we can easily understand was never forgotten by the fair author of it. Order was at last only restored by the declaration of General Pietra, that he must keep a few glasses unbroken to drink Nelson's health when he arrived.

On the 22nd of September, says Miss Knight,—

"The 'Vanguard,' with the flag of Sir Horatio Nelson, came in sight; and this time the concourse of barges, boats, and spectators was greater than before. The 'Vanguard' was followed by two or three ships of the line, which had been in the engagement. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful and animated scene than the Bay of Naples then presented. Bands of music played our national airs. With 'God save the King' they had long been familiar, but for the present occasion they had learned 'Rule Britannia' and 'See the conquering hero come.' No Englishman or Englishwoman can hear those airs without emotion in a foreign land, however trifling may be the effect they produce in our own country; but under such circumstances as these, they create a powerful excitement."

In the following December, however, the Royal family was obliged to take refuge in Sicily, and Miss Knight and her mother followed them as best they might. In the following year Lady Knight died, and Miss Knight took up her abode under the roof of Sir William Hamilton. At this time, she assures us, there was no impropriety in the intimacy between Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

"Nelson always spoke of his wife with the greatest affection and respect; and I remember that, shortly after the battle of the Nile, when my mother said to him that no doubt he considered the day of that victory as the happiest in his life; he answered, 'No; the happiest was that on which I married Lady Nelson.'"

Miss Knight sailed from Palermo on the 23rd of April, 1800, on board the 'Foudroyant' of eighty guns, with the flag of Lord Nelson, and commanded by Sir Edward Berry. Sir William and Lady Hamilton were also on board, and in their company Miss Knight finally reached England, *via* Trieste, Vienna, and Hamburg, on the 31st of October, having been absent from her native soil twenty-four years and six months.

Her sensations upon returning to England, the impression made upon her by the short and gloomy November days, the formality and sameness of morning calls, the late dinners, and last, but not least, the miserable despondency which she encountered in society, where she had been prepared to expect nothing but exultation and defiance, is described with much truth and nature. She had, however, forgotten the character of her countrymen, and had yet to learn that grumbling is with them no sign of giving in.

From this point, however, we must own that the interest of the diary declines. The greater part of the ensuing thirteen years were passed by Miss Knight in the service of Queen Charlotte, whom she left in 1813 to join the household of the Princess Charlotte. She only held this position for a year, and then retired on a pension. But that was an eventful year. The Princess, then in her eighteenth year, was straining every nerve to escape from tutelage, and to be allowed the privileges of womanhood. Her father the Regent was equally determined that she should remain in obscurity, till he could find a husband who would take her out of England. He was evidently afraid of her forming a party of her own, and becoming as troublesome to himself as he had been to George the Third. The Princess, on the other hand, had no disinclination to marry, but she had a great disinclination to quit England. These different motives are the key to all the intrigues and quarrels that occurred between Warwick House and Carlton Gardens during Miss Knight's tenure of office. The Princess wanted to marry to obtain her independence. The Regent wanted her to marry in order to get rid of her. So far they agreed very well, and the Prince of Nassau, who was first proposed to her, was accepted with little hesitation, till the conditions annexed to the marriage were suspected. For a long time the Princess's eyes were studiously blinded to the truth. She was soon to have an establishment in England. She would only be required to pass a month or two every year in Holland. She was coaxed and soothed by these assurances till the marriage very nearly took place. But the young Prince of Nassau was too honourable to be a party to the fraud; and he candidly told his betrothed that he should require her to live abroad. Upon this the match was broken off, greatly to the disgust of the Prince Regent, who immediately redoubled his severity towards the Princess. The result of this was that in the month of July, 1814, she made her escape from Warwick House, and took refuge with her mother at Connaught Terrace. We learn also from the diary that some silly charge was trumped up by the Prince Regent, to the effect that Prince Augustus of Prussia had been encouraged to pay clandestine visits at Warwick House. This was of course a pure fiction; but in the course of all the turmoil which ensued,

Miss Knight found herself ejected from her place, and though she was attached to the Princess Charlotte, we may presume that her liberty was welcome to her. Her duties seem to have been singularly irksome, and the Regent himself a most disagreeable person to have dealings with.

The remainder of Miss Knight's life was chiefly passed in foreign travel. Between the years 1816 and 1836 she revisited most of those countries which she had known in her youth, and deplored the changes which had befallen them. She was, however, peculiarly pleased with the Court of Charles X., of which she has left us many very amusing anecdotes. The following are worth quoting, though the latter, if we are not greatly mistaken, has been in print before:—

"On the 14th December, Miss Knight was once more in Paris. She herself says that Monsieur—at this time Charles X.—once observed to her: 'Vous aimez maintenant vivre en France; mais je me rappelle que vous m'aviez dit en Angleterre que vous n'aimeriez pas d'y aller.' 'Naturellement, Monseigneur,' she replied; 'la France n'était pas alors chez elle.' He smiled, and said, 'Mais l'Angleterre a été toujours chez elle, et toujours les livres ouverts pour vous.' Though not very appropriate, another anecdote of Monsieur related by Miss Knight may be here introduced. 'I recollect,' she says, 'being one evening at the Tuileries (I believe it was the first time I went to Monsieur's; it was in 1816), and while we were standing round in the usual circle, a lady, rather advanced in years, seemed anxiously looking for the moment when her turn should come to be spoken to by Monsieur. She caught his eye while there were still one or two between them, and he bowed and smiled. When he came up to her he spoke kindly, and addressed her by her name. 'Ah, Monseigneur!' she cried, apparently much agitated, 'il y a si longtemps que je n'ai pas eu l'honneur de voir votre Altesse Royale, et pourtant elle se souvient de moi! Les années changent tout——' Monsieur interrupted her, and said, 'Les années! Quant aux dernières vingt-cinq il ne faut plus les compter.'"

Some descriptions of the life of some of the minor German Courts, especially Homburg, are singularly spirited and dramatic, and prove that advancing years had not in the slightest degree impaired our authoress's intellectual powers. We think, after glancing at the following, that our readers will agree with us:—

"One day very much resembles another. This is the ordinary routine. At seven the drum beats a *réveil*: a few minutes afterwards the stoves are lighted. At half-past eight the servant brings hot water, and at nine, coffee, boiled milk, a small white loaf, a piece of brown bread, a slice of butter, a salt-cellar, and in a saucer ten small lumps of sugar. At half-past eleven a message from the Landgrave to know how I have slept, and if I should like to go out with her at a quarter or half-past twelve. At which hour, if tolerably fine, we go out in a *droshky*, and afterwards walk, returning home by a quarter before two, when the trumpet sounds for dress. At two it sounds again to serve up dinner. I then go through a long passage, down twenty-five steps and up twenty-five steps, which lead me to another long passage, and that to the drawing-room, where I find two or three or more guests. The door opens, and the gentleman esteemed the most considerable gives me his arm. We walk into the dining-room, and stand still till the other door is thrown open, when the grand *maitre d'hôtel*, with a white wand and hat in hand, enters, preceding the Landgrave and Landgravine, followed by the *aide-de-camp* of the former, and the maids of honour of the latter. All sit down to table, the Landgrave having made me a sign to sit down beside him on his left hand. On his right is the Landgravine, and next to her one of his brothers—except when Princess Louise, their sister-in-law, dines at table, for then she sits between the Landgrave and Landgravine. Three or four times in the week the band plays during dinner,

after which the brother gives his arm to the Landgravine, and the Landgrave his to me. During all these movements the ladies curtsy and the gentlemen bow down to the ground. We walk into the drawing-room; the Landgrave and his brother stand at one window; the Landgravine and the ladies sit near another; the gentlemen stand at the other end of the room, unless any one happens to be addressed by the Landgrave. Coffee is served; after which the Landgrave and Landgravine leave the room, making bows and curseys, which are answered by profound bows from all present. A maid of honour throws a shawl over the Landgravine's shoulders and walks after her, first turning to salute the company. The *aide-de-camp* does the same, and follows the Landgrave, after which everybody retires. The drum beats soon after as a salute to the Landgrave and Landgravine as they drive out in a *droshky*, returning before six. About half-past six the Landgravine sends for me. A servant with a lantern lights me down stairs to her apartment, and I sit with her in her boudoir till eight o'clock strikes. The servant then lights me through the passages and up the twenty-five steps, and I arrive at the drawing-room, where I find a maid of honour at the tea-table, and, about a quarter of an hour later, the door flies open, and the Landgrave and Landgravine enter. The former takes his tea, and then desires the card parties to be formed; he playing at one table and the Landgravine at another. At a quarter before nine the other door opens, and Prince Ferdinand, the Landgrave's youngest brother, comes in, and bows to the company. He walks up and down and looks at the players, at a little distance; then sits down, and then walks again. I sit at the corner of the Landgravine's table. A few minutes after, the drum beats for some time. At half-past nine the *aide-de-camp* and a captain, who is always in waiting, come in with low bows, and almost immediately afterwards a servant enters, goes up to the grand *maitre*, and announces supper. He is probably playing at the Landgrave's table, but, as soon as the game will permit, he rises, takes his white wand and hat from the chair on which he had deposited them, and comes up to the Landgravine's table, where he stands till he catches her eye. He then announces supper, makes a bow, and retires. As soon as the parties break up, all go to supper, as before to dinner. The Landgrave and Landgravine retire as soon as it is over; so do the company; and a crowd of servants and kitchenmaids rush in to put out the lights and carry away the plates and dishes. The guard is relieved every two hours: at one, three, five, &c. At eleven at night a man blows a horn eleven times, once at one, and three times at three. On Sundays we dine at three. The princes and officers all in full-dress uniforms, and company, to the number of thirty to thirty-five, all full dressed. On Mondays and Thursdays, the days for hunting, we dine at half-past two."

In 1831-2-3 Miss Knight was in England, and had access to the best society, whether fashionable or literary. We find her dining with the Duchess of Cumberland, attending evening parties at the Pavilion, and at another time meeting Lady Morgan, the poet Campbell, and Mr. Disraeli. But she could not live away from the Continent, and she returned there in 1834, staying nearly two years at Turin. But in June 1837 she left Turin for Paris, and in December of the same year she quitted Paris upon the last long journey of all. She died on the 17th of that month, in the eighty-first year of her age.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the joint editors of these volumes for the care and skill which they have bestowed upon them. The notes are excellent, and the whole appearance of the book shows that they understood their business, and spared no pains to do it well. The book itself is most interesting, and will long be referred to as an authority upon many questions of past manners and private history.

CRUISE OF THE CLAYMORE.*

A LADY who, braving heat and danger, ventures to go from Beyrout to Damascus, from Damascus to Baalbec, from Baalbec to Lebanon, from Lebanon to Beyrout and Tyre, from Tyre to Jerusalem, and from thence a round-about way home, by Cyprus, Rhodes, the Dalmatian coast and Venice, must not necessarily be a Lady Hester Stanhope or a Madame Ida Pfeiffer, but still must be a brave and venturesome woman, eager for knowledge or thirsty for excitement. Such a journey, picturesquely related in only three hundred pages, and yet dealing with the late Syrian war, over the gory frontier of which Mrs. Harvey now and then was forced to venture, can scarcely be uninviting to even the jaded palate of the most exhausted reader of tourists' adventures.

At Beyrout, suddenly the whole brilliant fitful panorama of Eastern life broke upon the eyes of our authoress: the dirt and splendour, the filthy cloth of gold, the gilded coat of filth, were all before her; the dark narrow streets, cavernous bazaars, the close-veiled white bundles they call women, the venerable rogues in striped silk dressing-gowns, red slippers, and white and green turbans, they call men, were there, moving about Beyrout. The street-vendors shout out the merits of their ice, water, shoes, cakes, horses and donkeys, and fruit; the porters stagger on under bales of silk; the muezzin calls sonorously to prayers; the Arabs, in goat-hair cloaks and red and yellow head-dresses, shout their confession of faith; and all this perfume and stench, this dunghill grown over with jessamine, is soaked and steeped in the goldenest and most burning of perpetual sunshine.—*Voilà l'Orient*.

But, after all, it is not as the mere diary of a lady tourist that this book is chiefly valuable: its chief interest is derived from the fact that it is one of the first books written since the war, by an impartial witness who knows the country. From the first pages we seem to see the Lebanon atmosphere getting lurid and oppressive. Strange rumours zigzag across the sky, like fitful summer lightning; a traveller brings word to Beyrout that there is a bad feeling between the Druses and the Maronites, and that no less than forty or fifty assassinations had taken place; but till the silk harvest was over, and the fighting-men were at leisure there would be no powder burnt. An old Druse and his two sons had been killed by some Maronites, for the simple and illogical reason that some of the Christians had been killed by some Mohammedans. The Turkish government looked on quietly, hoping, which ever won or lost, to replace the native governors by Turks.

"The religion of the latter" (the Druses) says Mrs. Harvey,—

"Is very singular, and involved in much mystery. It appears that they may outwardly profess any religion they find convenient, provided they keep the true faith in their heart. In this true faith is a certain mixture of Paganism; they practise many secret rites, some of which are said to be exceedingly cruel: but this they deny, at least to European Christians. They are universally praised for their honesty, hospitality, and dauntless courage."

Now that every mulberry-tree in the Lebanon has literally been soaked in Christian blood, it is said to read of how happy and peaceful they appeared in May 1860. Deir-el-Kamr, for instance, where eight hundred Christians were cruelly massacred by help of the vile Turks, when our authoress visited it, it was a

* Our Cruise in the 'Claymore,' with a Visit to Damascus and the Lebanon, By Mrs. Harvey, of Ickwell-Bury. (Chapman and Hall.)

prosperous cluster of stone houses, girdled with olive trees and mulberries, where the large flocks of goats evidenced the prosperity of the inhabitants, and where groups of laughing and chattering women (now dead and silent) were twirling their distaffs on the little greens outside the gardens. But even there there were omens of ill, for the English missionary told Mrs. Harvey that he could not remove the idea of blood-feud from the children's minds; and just as the Moslem troops uttered their cry of prayer at sunset, the Maronite bell tinkled out the summons of the Ave-Maria.

The authoress's visit to the Sheikh of the Druses (even then crouching for his spring) is worth recording. The tourists pass through a valley walled in with mountain orchards and rocky woods, where the broom grows, and where torrents foam and splash. The palace-fortress stands in a valley cultivated with corn, olives, and mulberries; it is half European, half oriental; the latticed windows are Eastern, and the bay windows and sloping roofs are European. To see Christians enter the village of the Druses astonishes the inhabitants, so that white-veiled women peep from every door, and crowds of men assemble on the palace terraces. The retainers in the courtyard glow with red, green, and yellow robes; but these move aside, while twenty elders, in white beards and flowing robes, lead them to the chief. Of him Mrs. Harvey says:—

"Said Beg is a young man, between thirty and thirty-five years of age, with an agreeable and prepossessing countenance, well-formed features, dark and intelligent eyes, a mouth expressive both of decision and kindness, shaded by a small black moustache, but no beard covers his square and resolute chin; his figure is slight and middle-sized, and he was dressed with far more simplicity than any of his attendants. He wore a loose cloak of violet Damascus silk, with a little gold embroidery round the collar; beneath this was a dark purple silk dress, bound round the waist with a handsome shawl; scarlet slippers and a fez cap completed his costume. His brother-in-law, who walked at his right hand, was a most martial-looking personage, his face bronzed almost to blackness by exposure to sun and wind; his sinewy athletic figure and bright gleaming eye showed the daring soldier, and we were not surprised to hear that he was Ali Kamati, better known as General Kamati, the famous Druse chief who had shared with Sir William Williams the privations and horrors of the siege of Kara, and who, out of the five hundred brave Druses who had accompanied him to Constantinople, brought back but a scanty remnant to their native mountains. He retains much affection and admiration for his old brothers in arms, and to him is mainly to be attributed the good understanding that exists between his people and the English, and the friendship with which the latter are always received in the Druse villages."

This sheikh assured the English travellers, he was doing all he could, but in vain, to reconcile his people and the Maronites; but he had no control over the distant tribes, especially over the Hauran—the most vindictive and sanguinary of all the nation. Already some Druses had had their hands and feet, noses and ears, cut off by the Maronites, and the village in which the sufferers lived had, in return, butchered all the monks in an adjacent Greek convent.

There can be no doubt, however much our sympathies may go with the Christians, that as to right or wrong, it is as six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and that one is as warlike, passionate, revengeful, and cruel, as the other.

Our authoress collects all the horrible facts of the time; how bodies of Christians were found stabbed by Bashi-Bazouk spears, how the Turkish authorities supplied arms to the

Druses, how at Sidon three hundred Christians were cruelly slaughtered in the gardens, the Metawaleh shutting the town gates upon them when they retreated. The following is explaining the immediate origin of the war:—

"The war may be said to have begun last April, when a Maronite convent was attacked, and many of its inmates murdered. This act was disclaimed by the principal Druse sheikhs, who expressed an earnest desire for peace, and even sent ten of their children as hostages to the Maronites; but the Christians refused to receive them, expressing their determination to be avenged. Subsequently, the Christians, finding the loss of the Druses had exceeded their own, were persuaded they had become the more powerful of the two races, and it was now possible to exterminate the Druses. The chief instigator, both in this and former wars, is the Christian bishop Tobia, of Zachi, who seems to think that shedding the blood of the enemies of his religion is one of the greatest Christian virtues. A letter of his is extant, in which he exhorts his people in direct terms to pillage, murder, and exterminate in any manner, the enemies whom God has delivered into their hands. It is also stated that last winter he distributed a large number of muskets among the mountain villages, intimating, in case of war breaking out with the Druses, that they were gifts, but otherwise they must be paid for. Those who know how desirous every Eastern peasant is to possess a gun, and the extreme difficulty he finds to raise money enough to pay for one, will understand the irresistible temptation thus offered to violence and bloodshed."

At Sidon they found the bodies of the Christians lying unburied, and the air pestilential from their putrefaction. But at Tyre the travellers became themselves historical actors on the scene. The foreign Consuls are in alarm, and are signalling to the 'Claymore.' The day after arriving, the Consul and principal Christians wait on Mr. Harvey, and tell that the Druses are going to attack Tyre that night; the Consul entreated the English, "for the love of Jesus," not to desert them, as their town was unfortified, and the Christians had no arms. Mr. Harvey offers to defend them, if requested to do so formally in writing, which rather reminds us of the old Oxford story of the Balliol man refusing to save the Pembroke man, because he had not been properly introduced. The story goes on:—

"To all these conditions the Consul thankfully acceded, and it was arranged that the yacht should be brought in near to the town, that her guns might command the isthmus at the entrance. The women and children, and whatever valuable property could be moved in so short a time, were placed on board some small country boats, which were then to be taken out and anchored behind the yacht. The Consul's house, which was surrounded by strong walls, and had already been put in a state of defence, was to be guarded by a party of Christians; whilst another party of about seventy armed men, headed by the Consul himself, were to patrol the town all night. Mr. Attalah had already written to Mr. Moore, the Consul-General at Beyrout, asking assistance: this letter he had brought on board. Mr. Harvey added a few lines, to state what he was doing, and in a short time we saw the little country boat that was taking the despatch stealing away under the shadow of the cliffs, communication by land being by this time cut off."

All hands of the 'Claymore' were called in order, the affair was laid before them frankly, with a hearty cheer they declared they would die sooner than those helpless women and children should be murdered in cold blood. Instantly the yacht was moored broadside to the town, her four little guns run out and loaded, and arms and ammunition served out to the men, while the women were employed in preparing lint and bandages. Till the moon set the women waited with sad hearts, expecting the attack, listening to the howling of the

wolves and jackals in the mountains, and starting at every shout or flare of light in the town. The next day the Turkish governor, seeing an Englishman so busy, got alarmed, and promised a hundred men to defend the entrance of the town; and now the Christians began to regain courage and vigour, seeing so kind and generous an ally at hand.

The next night, just after sunset, says Mrs. Harvey,—

"A bright jet of flame shot up behind one of the hills, and a dark lurid glow, followed by volumes of smoke, spread over the valley. A village was in flames, and we listened with such painful intensity, that we almost fancied we could hear the cries of the victims in the hands of their murderers. This we knew could not be, as the village was too distant; but the knowledge that human beings were perishing in so awful a manner within a few miles of us was more dreadful than could be well described, especially with the consciousness that no help could be given. At this moment a dull, heavy sound was heard; that, Charlie whispered to us, was the tread of a large body of armed men,—whether advancing or retreating, none could tell, as the night was much too dark to distinguish any object on shore. Again was the anxious watch renewed; again did we await the moment when death and murder should be close to us; but God in His mercy stayed the flood, and this little town was saved from the waves of destruction that had overwhelmed so many fairer places in this most fair but unhappy country."

"Monday, June 11th.—Early this morning the welcome, the joyful news was brought that the Druses had retired, and were already many miles away. Mr. Harvey's anticipations and hopes had been quite correct; for the report of the spies, of the 'Claymore' being a man-of-war, of the resolute measures taken to defend the town, and also of the fact of the Turkish Governor co-operating in the defence, had decided the Druse chiefs to withdraw their forces. Nothing could exceed the emotion and thankfulness of the poor Christians at their deliverance; their expressions of gratitude were almost painful; they gave Mr. Harvey a memorial, signed by the Bishop, the Consuls, and the principal inhabitants, to express their gratitude and deep sense of his kindness, and offered us many very valuable presents, which, of course, we did not accept,—taking only a few flowers, as a remembrance."

Now all this, though to many it may seem a very simple and natural act of kindness, makes our blood flow quicker, and a certain honest flush of pride come in our cheeks. Mr. Harvey behaved like an Englishman; and had our minister expressed half as much interest in the safety of the Christians, the Druse massacres might have been stayed at the very outset.

Even in Damascus Mrs. Harvey found proof of Moslem fanaticism. She says:—

"All attempts of missionaries, of whatever religion, to gain footing in Moslem families, have hitherto totally failed; and during the last few years, the ill-will against the Christians, far from diminishing, has decidedly increased. We are told by people who have lived many years in these countries, that the Crimean war, instead of exciting gratitude, had, on the contrary, caused much animosity and irritation. The Moslems had bitterly felt their weakness, and the consciousness of their dependence on the Western Powers, made them hate with increased virulence the Christians living in this city, one of the strongholds of Islamism. Most Mahometans are of opinion that the days of Turkish rule are numbered. An old tradition says, that after four hundred years of supremacy, the children of the Prophet will have to give place to the hated Christians. This period is now drawing to a close; but as power decreases, so dislike grows, and unless the authorities can govern with a stronger and a steadier hand than for many years past, consuls and other resident foreigners predict that some day, terrible outrages will be committed."

Yet round this Damascus, where such hatred reigns, is one of the loveliest spots in the whole earth. The pomegranates grow in hedges, the

roses are in thickets, the night air is heavy with the scent of orange and lemon flowers, every hollow in the hills brims with forget-me-nots, cyclamen, purple and yellow iris, calceolarias, and gladiolus. It is Eden once more, but Eden inhabited by evil spirits.

This pleasant little book leaves us with a regretful sense of the utter putrefaction of the Turkish dominions, of the perilous and neglected state of the East, and of the necessity of European Christianity protecting all members of the same faith throughout the Orient.

THE HANDBOOK OF ROMAN NUMISMATICS.*

To Mr. Madden, son of the distinguished palæographer who is at the head of the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum, we are indebted for a valuable manual of Roman Numismatics, a work the want of which has been long felt; for Akerman's *Numismatic Manual*, the book most commonly referred to by the English student, appeared twenty-one years ago, since which time our field of knowledge has been greatly enlarged, not only by the discovery of many new Roman coins, but also by fresh and more accurate attributions. The recent publications of M. Cohen, of the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, on the "Consular and Imperial Coins," have rendered all former works out of date, although the large size and expense of these publications place them beyond the reach of the general public. The present volume offers the chief advantages of these larger works at a small cost, with the additional recommendation that the information is communicated in the English tongue. We proceed to give a rapid analysis of its contents. First comes an Introduction, giving the early history of the coinage in the three metals, the character of the types, and the dates and various offices mentioned on coins. Among the types of the coins of the family Junia discussed, we are glad to see that the famous one of Brutus, with the legend *EID. MAR.*, and the type, a cap of liberty between two daggers, is maintained to be authentic. Its genuineness is one of the *questions verate* of numismatists. The writer states that the specimen in silver, presented to the British Museum by Mr. de Salis (and the name of that eminent connoisseur is no slight guarantee in itself), is indisputably authentic. The office of the "Consulship" is fully entered into, and we learn that the year was named after the Consuls as late as A.D. 541, in the reign of Justinian I.; and that the office is mentioned for the last time on the coins of Heraclius I. alone, and of Heraclius I. with his two sons. Next follow some useful lists of the *as* and its divisions, and of the Roman families; and in this latter we read, contrary to what we might expect, that the gold coin of Julius Cæsar with his head struck during his lifetime, occurs only with the name of the moneyer, Müssidius Longus, and that all the others must be considered false. The second list of the family series is wholly new. It shows how the families were connected, and likewise the names of individuals of whom we possess coins. A list of the Imperial series follows, and includes all the new attributions that have been discovered up to the present time, among which we notice the following:—a coin of Alexandria, with a bearded bust, given to Macrianus I., usurper in the East under Gal-

lienus, A.U.C. 1013 (A.D. 260); an Alexandrian coin, given to Domitianus II., which from its fabric is of the period of Gallienus, and is evidently struck by the usurper known in history as "Alexander Æmilianus;" and two others, struck at Alexandria, one of which is the "foliis," both given to Domitianus Domitianus II., known in history as "Achilleus," the usurper in Egypt under Diocletian. A long note follows on the Palmyrenean dynasty, stating the attributions of M. Victor Langlois, which have never before been published in England. The Imperial series is concluded with Theodosius I., and an earnest appeal is made to Mr. de Salis (whose magnificent collection of Roman coins now, through the munificence of their owner, forms part of the national collection) to publish his recent researches respecting the Vandals, Goths, Visigoths, Burgundians, &c., of whose doings or coins but little at present is known. Next follows a valuable chronological table of the principal events, from the accession of Diocletian to the death of Theodosius I., showing the divisions of the Empire under the Emperors and Cæsars, and the various, and occasionally successful, endeavours of the usurpers to wrest the authority from the lawfully reigning Emperor.

One is often inclined to ask the meaning of the letters one finds beneath the type on the reverse of late Roman coins, as the *AL.*, or the *CONOB.*, or the *KONST.* In Mr. Madden's book the inquirer will find an answer. Mint-marks, as they are called, have been discussed from time immemorial, and each one gives his own interpretation. *Ideal* forms, too, have found their way into print, as if they really existed upon the coins. *CONOB.*, *THOAS.*, and such forms have been variously and gloriously explained; but, alas! we find them not in the above-mentioned list. We find *COMOB.* and *CONOB.*, with the explanation that the former *only* occurs on *Western*, and the latter on *Eastern* coins; that the former is the follower of *COM.* (which is explained by "*Constantinæ Moneta*"), and that the latter is the *only* Constantinople mint-mark. And now, perhaps, some of our readers may never have heard of "*Constantina*." We find that it was a name given to "*Arelate*" (*Arles*) by Constantine the Great, and that one of the late Latin poets, Ausonius, designates the town as *duplex*. A distinct rule is given for the attribution of coins to Constantinople or to Constantina. *CON.* or *CONS.* (Constantinople) is always accompanied by a *Greek* letter, while *CON.* or *CONST.* (Constantina) is preceded by a *Latin* letter; and another rule is afterwards laid down, that *K* is *never* the initial of Constantinople, and that consequently coins reading *KON.*, *KONST.*, &c., do not belong to Constantinople, but to Constantina. It seems well established that the letters *ON*=72, and our attention is drawn to the engraving of the remarkable gold coin of Constans, in the British Museum, on which occurs the figures *LXXII.*, which are supposed to signify that there were 72 "*solidi*" struck to the pound. Accompanying the mint-marks is a carefully drawn up table, showing the four great divisions of the Empire, Gaul, Italy, Illyricum, and Oriens, at the time of Constantine, giving under each emperor and usurper the towns at which there was a mint, and the metals of the coins in the British Museum. The value of the book is enhanced by the addition of six plates, of which a good description is given; and there is a note on the letter *L*, which is usually found on the Alexandrian coins, and as usually interpreted *AYKABANTOZ*, but which from the fact that the Latin language must have been

totally unknown in Egypt as early as the time of the first Ptolemy, is suggested as far more likely to be the demotic ideographic sign for "*year*," which character was always used for official documents, and which would most likely be adopted for the symbol on coins.

Want of space prevents us from giving further illustrations of the contents of the volume, but we can bear confident testimony to its utility and accuracy, and we recommend the work as being what it professes to be, a "*Handbook of Roman Coins*." The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Madden for thus placing at their service the results of that intimate acquaintance with his subject, which his position and opportunities as an officer in the Numismatic department of the British Museum, and as secretary to the Numismatic Society of London, have enabled him to acquire.

CLASSICAL POETRY.*

BYRON, though he made a copious use of his classical knowledge, and scattered throughout his works short passages of great beauty, almost translated from Greek or Latin poets, complained somewhat unreasonably of Keats putting Lemprière's Dictionary into rhyme. The saying was meant as a joke rather than a sneer; but he thought Keats too fond of selecting the Greek mythology for the subjects of English Poems. His friend Shelley was equally classical. Plato and Æschylus were among the chief sources of his inspiration; and his beautiful imagery was frequently borrowed from the pages of the grand old masters of the elder world—

"The hardy subline,
Whose mighty footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

Since the days of Keats and Shelley the classical school has rather increased than diminished. Mr. Horne's *Orion* was a poem of considerable originality and beauty. Some of Tennyson's best pieces are on classical subjects. Mr. Matthew Arnold has carried this kind of composition to high perfection. Mr. Preston is evidently enamoured of the classics, and consequently gives to the world his *Threshold of Atrides*. The work is dramatic in form, although not adapted to the stage. The story is told too much in detail. It would have been vastly improved by curtailment. We have choruses which are not so musical, but which seem to din in our ears almost as fatiguingly as the praises of the famous Robert Ridley, or those of the fascinating young lady whose name was Nancy, who was seen in the Strand, and whose beauty suggested to the singer the ardent desire to reside with her "in a second floor, for evermore."

Mr. Preston lays his first scene near the Trojan Pergamus, in which, with much prayer, chorus, and dialogue, the question is discussed as to the propriety of Paris going on an embassy to Menelaus, King of Sparta. The young man, loath to leave his beautiful Ceneone, though he makes no mention of her to his aged parent, expresses a modest diffidence about his capacities for the duties of a diplomatist; and suggests that his brother Hector, who was very popular in Troy, or his elder brother, Deiphobus, should be selected. Deiphobus declines the honour; Priam loses his temper, and indulges in several severe observations; Hector is patriotic and filial; Æneas moves an amendment to the effect that—

* *The Handbook of Roman Numismatics*. By Fred. W. Madden, of the British Museum, Hon. Secretary of the Numismatic Society. 6s. (J. Russell Smith.)

* *The Threshold of Atrides*. By George F. Preston. (W. Kent and Co.)

"Some elder men associate with their youth
To help the Princes, if the Princes go,
By their maturer wisdom."

It is finally arranged that Paris shall go; and we turn over the leaf, and—are in Heaven. Here Jupiter delivers an oration to the assembled Deities, which, in terrestrial legislative assemblies, would have infallibly occasioned a "count out." Hera is more brief and violent: her invective conveys the impression that she was at the time leader of the Opposition in Olympus, and she denounces Troy with a fury which must have elicited loud applause among her own party. Venus made a graceful appeal to the Administration to treat the city with more clemency, and called up Athena, who showered sarcasms upon the beautiful Goddess of Love in the following cruel and sarcastic style:—

Athena.

"O Cyprus! better suited for light joys
Than council and the subtler veils of fate,
Would that thy laughter-loving wiles alone
Employed thee merely. Thus thou wouldst refrain
From matters far beyond thee, due to those
Of fuller foresight, wisdom-warder'd minds!
And what thou slanderest Hera and myself,
Concerning Peleus' banquet and the fruit
Of Eris, with the contest then we lost—
With us such things weigh lightly—to myself,
The outward matters little; but for thee,
Thou hast full scanty heed past silly love,
Or how to trim thy beauty!"

Ares, instead of defending his fair innamorata, who was evidently over-weighted in the debate, blurts out a blustering war-speech quite in the style of the late lamented Colonel Sibthorp. Jupiter closed the discussion by a few commonplace platitudes.

The author has in the next scene ventured upon somewhat perilous ground—a love scene between Paris and Enone. He has exerted himself here possibly from a remembrance that a certain Mr. Tennyson, not wholly unknown to fame, has written some passable lines on the same subject. As it is one of his best passages, we gladly give the reader an opportunity of judging of its merit. The lovers are in a forest with mountains, and a temple in the background:—

Enone.

"So thou wilt go, and our delicious love
Is snapt asunder—our melodious dream
Reft of all music. What enchanter's skill
Shall e'er reset our lives to notes so fair?
Yet have I long foreboded this before!"

Paris.

"Thy memory broods upon one evening past,
We paced in woven shadows broad and still;
Quick flaws unrobed the vapour dusty sun,
And beamed a lightning on the distance sea:
A softer ray athwart the column'd pines
Mirrored the tangled rye-grass in the rills.
Autumn had touched the trees—white gusts of cloud
Sped high above us. There we reached a cave,
Sacred to some bright Goddess of the hills,
Whose image, lapsed from its grey pedestal,
Slept fallen in a calm divinity.
By a still covert ivy-garlanded,
Deep latticed from the glare with netting vines;
Hard by, an altar delicately spread,
Thin barley-cakes and ears of yellow maize,
Which shepherds offered quaintly of their best.
Soft meadow-grasses rustled round the slopes,
Crisp alders and white poplars rimmed the brook,
Thirty of curling rivulets. Beyond
To sternest solitudes the pinewood darkened—
I linger on these trifles grown most dear,
Close-hoarded memories of uncertain joy—
And there, in converse precious as the sound
Of silver streamlet in a leafless wild,
We wondered if that ever-fading shore
Future would crown its purple peaks with gloom;
Sullen, or sunlit barriers dimly seen,
Which beckon left to cloudland. If kind fate
In one close veit would knit our threads of time
Unravell'd save by death. My fears preaged,
So happy were we that it might not last,
Or earth would rival those eternal bowers
Sinless and sorrowless—most distant, past
Azure gleam-crested ripples of long sea,
In secret ocean islanded—beyond
The latest crimson of the hour-worn sun,
Where the day-lilies blossom all year round,
A deep repose for past heroic souls,
And men would grow contented. Days of gold!
Weak vapours struggling to outface the sun,—
O! we but dreamed upon you!"

Enone.

"Lord and love!
My lord, my husband! thou dost double woe,
Recalling happier moments. Insecure
Are life and joy, like everything we owe
To that brief mortal summer men call 'love.'"

The following scene is in the palace at Troy, where a dialogue takes place between Hecuba and Eneas. Cassandra, her "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," prophesies evil things, and subsequently faints from excessive mental excitement and physical over-exertion. We next spend a considerable time on the shore of the Hellespont. We see Paris embark, and swiftly reach the confluence of the Eurotas, where Nereides, Oceanides, Oreades, Naiades, and Charites continually do cry. Zephyrus sings a solo in very good style, and Echo and Chloris favour the company in a similar way. Silenus addresses a few warm and characteristic remarks to the nymphs, complimenting them upon their "dimpled ivory feet" their "long and lustrous lashes,"—

"The mantling glory of deep fragrant hair,
Disparted from each forehead, myrtle-wreath'd,
Athwart your polished shoulders, and rich bosoms
Moulded to such fine swell as mortal eyes
Might die beholding."

We are next introduced to the very best society in Sparta, and presented at Court. Helen, probably from reading sentimental novels, or owing to some slight neglect on the part of her royal husband, is evidently in a very dangerous and unhealthy frame of mind. Menelaus welcomes the Trojan prince and his attendants with splendid hospitality, and the most cordial friendship. Paris, forgetful of the beautiful wood-girl he had left among the dells of Ida, becomes desperately enamoured of the king's fascinating wife. Her conduct is so dreadfully indiscreet, that it is difficult to speak of it with temper or moderation. We have flirting *ad libitum*. We find the lovers seated in a chamber in the palace, listening to the rhymeless and not very smooth lines of an invisible chorus, who were probably, under this disguise, preparing evidence for the petitioner in the Divorce Court of the period.

We feel now that we are nearing the dénouement, and that nothing remains but a case before the Sir Cresswell Cresswell of Lacedæmon. But our author, evidently having some more lines on classical subjects in his desk, or being able to produce any amount of the same class of article, carries us, *vi et armis*, to a "mysteriously darkened cavern in the summit of Taletum, on the mountain chain of Taygetus," to the Oracle of the Sun. Invocations and choruses are frequent, and Helen, who has come to consult the priestess, is subjected to a few personal observations of a pointed character. We are next favoured with a vision of Ulysses, we scarcely know why; and subsequently, the vision of Agamemnon; and ultimately, the vision of Hector. We go back to Paris and Helen, who, during the night, stealthily escape from the banks of the Eurotas, a breach of modesty on her part, and a gross violation of the laws of hospitality on his. When the injured husband and his loyal subjects discover the absence of Paris and the Queen, their amazement is only equalled by their virtuous indignation. They vow vengeance against the perfidious Trojan and his race—

"Ruin unto Ilum, war, fierce war,
A Nexus of war, and bloodshed justice,
Unslumbering, tireless-paced, unslaked of blood!
War of extermination without end!
War, famine, death, disgrace!—most sweet revenge."

They declare their fixed determination to pursue the fugitives, who, in the language of a MS. letter to which our notice has recently been called, may be described as the "guilty pare." The Citizens having concluded their ter-

rific menaces, join in a chorus, which by its rhythm reminds us of one of Bishop Heber's hymns, but possesses at the same time a tone and movement so brisk, rollicking, and jovial, that it doubtless became an after-supper song in Sparta for many a generation. We cannot resist the delight of quoting it entire:—

Citizens' Chorus.

"Wondrous, O Helen, the snare of thy beauty;
Fatal the spell of thy passion-lit eyes;
Here and deniged, honour and duty;
How are they fallen, the peerless, the wise!
Heartless and fearless, and reckless of danger,
Falsely than serpent, yet fairer than day;
False to thy lord, for a boy and a stranger:
Fair as the goddess that rose from the spray.
Pleasure wouldst seek o'er the waters? but pleasure
Flies her pursuer an Iris of foam:
Leagues of new schoolboard increase not her measure:
Fled for a phantom from honour and home!
What shall he give thee, thy Trojan young lover,
Making amends for thy peace and thy loss!
Soon, but too late shalt thou, hapless, discover,
Gold thou hast heedlessly bartered for dross.
Thou shalt repent, and in sorrow dejected
Pray that undone which was wished for before;
Beauty, with sorrow most closely connected,
Time to repent thee, and time to deplore!
Why should we chide thee, poor outcast from pity,
Offering of Leda, yet luckless as she?
Fair stand the walls of the music-built city.
Traitor! ere long they shall crumble for thee!"

We may possibly have produced an impression that we have not treated Mr. Preston's story with sufficient gravity. But it is no more Mr. Preston's story than that of any one else. We will not go so far as to say that he has made it his own by spoiling it, and that, in that respect, he is like the stupid preacher, who

"Stole his discourse from the famed Doctor Brown,
But reading it damnably made it his own."

He has, however, illustrated to a nicety the truth of Horace's dictum, "difficile est proprie communia dicere." Mr. Preston, by such a selection of a subject, places himself in contrast with Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, and a few other writers of repute, and he should remember that people will make comparisons, and that "comparisons are odorous." We have read through his poem with industry and patience. We cannot conscientiously, in this warm weather, recommend our readers to do the same. It was a duty to us; the question is, whether it will be a pleasure to them. We do not deny Mr. Preston merit. We have extracted some of his lines, and our readers will see that they contain some beauties; but there is not, throughout the long poem, a single thought or figure displaying high poetic genius. Mr. Preston is quite free from plagiarism and imitation; there is a rough, strong originality in many of the lines. The worst are his lyrics, which are without rhyme, and have none of the smoothness, rhythm, and art, which can only recommend such verses. The poem is too long, and very uneven; some passages are dreadfully prosaic. He has, moreover, a predilection for peculiar words, and among his vocabulary may be found the following:—"spilth," "rede," "ruth," and "corri-valry." In conclusion, we are afraid that in fairness we must say, that the work is mediocre, and we need scarcely remind a writer of classical poetry that

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

ROBESPIERRE AND M. LOUIS
BLANC.*

In this eleventh volume, conformably with the great, not to say excessive abundance of de-

* *Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome XI. (Paris: Furne et Cie.)

tail he has given to his history, M. Louis Blanc is still occupied with the events of the year 1794. But he here reaches the culminating point—the highest eruption of the revolutionary lava; namely, the last two months of the Reign of Terror, and the fall of Robespierre.

Robespierre, in M. Louis Blanc's opinion, is a hero whom all parties and writers have maliciously blackened and defamed. Not only was he "eloquent," "incorruptible," "patriotic," in his way—qualities which are generally conceded to him—but he had, according to our present writer, a "grand character," nay, even "ascended from the dignity of Apostle to that of Martyr." Excellent, if it can be in any way made out. In the numerous ranks of the "army of martyrs," it is quite possible he may find more than one messmate who will not disown him. And as for the rehabilitation of doubtful characters, which is so usual and so successful at the present day, we hail it with all welcome, as eminently characteristic of a humane and civilized age. How pleasant to think that those whom we considered as ancient scoundrels were really most excellent men! Have we not had Judas Iscariot handsomely defended, and thus seen an injustice nearly eighteen centuries old redressed? Judas himself, perhaps, is not much the better for it. That untoward catastrophe which terminated his existence will never be redressed, although we declare him the most moral character that ever existed; but then "fame" and the credit of "posterity" are so much relieved by these reversals of old judgments. Now, when injured, if a man appeals to posterity, he may feel that some time within two thousand years his name will be lifted to a glittering height in the sight of men. We have more than once thought of it lately—could not an association be got up under some such name as this: "The Defunct-Scoundrel Rehabilitation Society"—which should start a general expurgation of history, from Cain down to Bombino? The tracts need not be large (for truth is always simple), and, we venture to think, would sell well. In the meantime, we regret to have to play the part of Devil's Advocate with regard to this canonization of Robespierre.

In the second chapter of the volume before us M. Louis Blanc expounds the "horrible machinations against Robespierre." These arose through envy excited in the Convention and the two committees, at "his moral authority and superiority of talent," offensively displayed, as they thought, on many occasions, but never so much so as on the Feast of the Supreme Being, when "in sky-blue coat, white silk waistcoat brodered with silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, shoe-buckles of gold," and a bouquet of flowers and wheat-ears in his hand, he marched at the head of his colleagues, but with "fifteen paces between him and them," showing thereby nefarious projects against liberty and equality especially. The men of the Convention and the two Committees—always excepting those in whom who were his active allies or passive tools—determined on his destruction. And how, according to M. Louis Blanc, does the reader suppose they began the execution of their plan? Why, by the execution of the celebrated batch of fifty-four persons on the 29th Prairial—a batch which contained old De Sombreuil of the Invalides, seventy-three years old, and the poor little dressmaker Nicolle, who was but seventeen; which contained Amiral, the would-be assassin of Collot d'Herbois, and fair-haired Cécile Renault, who paid Robespierre a visit probably with a view to imitate Charlotte Corday. These and the rest, says M. Louis Blanc, were all condemned and executed by the malice of the Comité de Sûreté

Générale, in order to cast odium upon Robespierre. Certainly, to be charged with the judicial murder of fifty-four persons, when innocent, is far from consoling. But we imagine that few men's fame would suffer from it less than Robespierre's, and in the judgment of few nations would it be more venial than in that of the Paris public of 1794. But where are the proofs? M. Louis Blanc enumerates the mortal enemies of Robespierre in the Convention, in the Sûreté Générale, in the Salut Public,—Vadier, Amar, Vouland, Collot, Billaud, Barrère, Bourdon de l'Oise, and others; that, above all, Fouquier-Tinville and he were as good as strangers: *valet quantum*. We would simply ask, Is it credible, is it possible, that a man in Robespierre's position at that time, only a week after that damning proof of his power,—viz. the law of the 22nd Prairial,—should have either ignored or been unable to prevent the sacrifice of this "hecatomb" offered by his enemies? He was sole master of the Jacobin Club; he, Couthon, and Saint-Just were omnipotent in the Committee. Dumas and Coffinhal were his friends in the Tribunal, the powers of which, by his own law, had just been quadrupled; Henriot, general of the National Guard, was his sworn ally. On the 22nd Prairial he and Couthon had forced upon the reluctant Convention that terrible decree which made Ruamps say he would blow his brains out if it were not adjourned. Yet, on the 29th of the same month we are to suppose this meek, injured, martyred Robespierre quite incapable of saving that motley crew of misérables among whom were his and Collot's enemies,—aristocrats, actresses, demireps, and dressmakers. Certainly not proven, M. Louis Blanc.

The author's object is to prove that Robespierre quite foresaw that his enemies in the Convention and the two Committees would be too strong for him; but that as he could not resist them without violating the Constitution, he preferred to meet his death. He is pictured as a sort of Socrates, delivering an apology which he knows will fail, yet choosing "rather to commit an irreparable fault than renounce his principles" (p. 210). Such "hesitations, we are told, ruin a man, but immortalize him also" (p. 252). We think that they show he was an incompetent pedant, who could see nothing but his theories and fine-spun rules, while great broad human facts passed unheeded before him. Why, on M. Louis Blanc's own showing, what were the merits of the case? Robespierre had determined to put an end to the Terror, to bring to punishment some of the sanguinary monsters who, in the provinces, covered the Republic with infamy. A most laudable, nay, blessed resolve; and had he but done it, one which would have given him a very different position in men's hearts to what he now has. What is his course? He goes to the Convention and makes an oration, which M. Louis Blanc calls "admirable," but Carlyle, with more discernment, "long-winded, unmelodious as the screech-owls." In any case it was full of the foulest abuse of his opponents, who are "monsters," "hypocrites," "scoundrels," and what is the remedy? "We are to punish the traitors, purify the Committees." That is, guillotine, and evermore guillotine. Doubtless, if Robespierre had succeeded in relieving the Talliens, Collots, and Fouquieres of their heads, he would for once have used the guillotine in the right place. But then this must be done according to those precious legal forms which we have the happiness to live under. We must not employ force, but only reason. We may guillotine by wholesale, men, women, and children, if according to the form of the Constitution and the will of the people. To save

one's country from cruel charlatans, to obey divine and human instincts, at the expense of a mushroom Constitution, we are not permitted. We see little that is "sublime" or "immortal" in this.

However, though the Talliens, Collots, and the rest, might think it quite commendable and proper that aristocrats should be guillotined, they had no notion of the same treatment applied to themselves. They decreed as accused Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, Henriot, and Le Bas, besides others less important, on 9 Thermidor. The various changes and vacillations of that night; how the Convention seemed ascending when Robespierre was sent off to the Luxembourg; how, presently, when he and his friends, instead of safe lodgment in prison, at nightfall got safely into the Hôtel de Ville, the Convention is apparently beaten hopelessly, are well-known facts, told with great detail by M. Louis Blanc, but with a slight want of energy and dramatic vigour. But it is at this point he differs most from his predecessors. For he adopts Meda's story, who avowed that he shot Robespierre, instead of the latter having failed in an attempt at suicide. The reader will remember it was at that critical moment when the Convention had plucked up its spirits, and had surrounded the Hôtel de Ville with troops; when Henriot got drunk and could not take care of his cannoniers, who left him for his opponents; when the Triumvir and his friends saw that all was lost, that each proceeded to that method of self-extermination which pleased him best. Young Robespierre jumped out of window and got spiked on a bayonet; Le Bas blew his brains out; Couthon stabbed himself, though not successfully; and according to the received and probable account, then and there Robespierre, seeing resistance hopeless, and well knowing the issue of the morrow, tried to shoot himself, but only smashed his jaw. M. Louis Blanc takes Meda's most improbable account, that, without reason or explanation, he introduced himself under false pretences into the Hôtel de Ville, got into the room where the accused were, and shot Robespierre; that all the rest, alarmed, made haste to be off, never caring about Meda, who afterwards claimed reward from the Directory for this singular service. We cannot follow M. Louis Blanc in his lengthened argument to prove the truth of the view he takes. He assumes that the Convention was only too happy to profit by Meda's act, though reluctant to acknowledge it. Now, in our opinion, a greater ignorance of human nature could hardly be displayed than is here shown. Why, to remorseless enemies thirsting for his blood, Robespierre's escape from their vengeance by assassination must have been the cruellest of disappointments. He was hemmed in, at their mercy, caught in his own trap, and they would now make him drink the cup of bitterness to the dregs. We are apt to think that if Meda had made his imposing confession a little sooner, he would have accompanied his supposed victim to the guillotine in the same tumbrel.

The horrible picture of the wounded Robespierre, when removed from the Hôtel de Ville, is thus well described by M. Louis Blanc:—

"In the meantime Robespierre was brought to the entrance of the Convention by men of the people, of whom some held his head, and others his feet. These latter urged their companions to hold his head as elevated as possible, fearing he might die in their arms. At the bottom of the great staircase the crowd was so great of those who came to gloat over a fallen enemy, that the escort was obliged to stop, and the execrations began. There

is a fine king!" said one. "If it had been Caesar's carcase, why not have thrown it to the dogs?" said another. When they reached the doors of the Assembly, the President said, "The dastard Robespierre is there. You do not wish him to come in?" Upon which Thuriot declared that the corpse of a tyrant would bring the plague with it. They therefore carried him up to the great committee-room, where they placed him on a long table, and gave him a box full of mouldy bread, for a pillow. He was without either hat or neckerchief; his sky-blue silk coat—the same that he had on at the Feast of the Supreme Being—slightly open, showed his blood-stained shirt; his breeches were nankeen, and his stockings down about his heels. He did not move, but breathed hard. He often lifted his hand to the top of his head; from time to time the frontal muscles would knit themselves, and all his forehead become wrinkled. This alone revealed his sufferings, as not a word escaped him. That soul which he had declared immortal, lifted him above bodily pain. More came to see him, and the insults began afresh. One said, "Sire, your Majesty suffers." Another, "Well, it appears you have lost your tongue." He looked at them fixedly." (p. 260.)

Poor, miserable, blood-stained wretches, one and all. And it is with regard to these men and their doings that M. Louis Blanc talks of liberty and love of country. They knew as much of liberty as a "jar of Egyptian vipers" knows. Friends of Liberty! Never Pope, Emperor, or Inquisitor was such deadly enemy to it as they. They threw an incubus of shame on that holy name; a "damned spot" of blood on her white vesture as she passed them, which the tears of her true worshippers for centuries will hardly wash away. True, they now need no shrieking over, or cursing over; they are past; their long, dark day of evil is gone. They were inevitable too, perhaps. The foul centuries of corruption and infamy of Dubois and Dubarry must needs end in this last crop of poisonous fungi. Inevitable, like rattlesnakes and cholera morbus, but very lamentable also, and certainly not worth embalming at this period.

M. Louis Blanc has a strange chapter on the "Prisons of the Revolution." He is quite hurt, even disgusted, that royalists and others, who were imprisoned by the Republicans, showed no gratitude for the favour, and "did not even take pains to disguise their fury." "Life in the Luxembourg, up to the time of the extreme Terror, was one in every way charming." It is true that by-and-by they were forbidden the use of lights. They were prohibited from writing or receiving letters, musical instruments were removed, and knives at dinner not allowed (p. 88). But these harsh measures did not last long; and for the rest, who but an aristocrat or enemy of *La Patrie*, could object to be caged up, with all probability of exit to the guillotine? At the height of the Terror, one thousand two hundred and eighty-five persons were executed in forty-five days. A clerk of the Revolutionary Tribunal was denounced, arrested in bed at five in the morning, examined, condemned, and beheaded at four in the afternoon (p. 121). Yet, says M. Louis Blanc, "these men represented, after all, *La Patrie*, struggling against the league of kings, and amid lamentable acts of violence accomplished immortal deeds."

It is impossible to read this book without a feeling of sadness. Do all Frenchmen, then, in their essence partake of the Bourbon quality—viz. that of learning nothing and of forgetting nothing? Here is a most accomplished and able man, full of generous enthusiasm and sincere devotion to what he deems the right—for which he even now bravely suffers. He has been taught, as few of his predecessors have, by sharp experience and manifold adversity. He

has seen his beloved *patrie*—that dear France, for whose welfare we doubt not he would willingly sacrifice his all—again and again under the hoof of a despotism which has followed, with the certainty of effect from cause, from those principles he still adores. Liberty—to judge from the objects of his admiration—is still for him a passion, overmastering and intolerant, like a Mohammedan's love for Islam, rather than a sober, intellectual principle—a passion boundless in its heroism and devotion, but cruel as the famished tiger if repelled. M. Louis Blanc is far above the average of Frenchmen or any men. But what hope is there for that great country, if even her chosen sons are so far wrong? Things cannot continue for ever as they are now over there. Before very long, when the Emperor is either shot, or dead, or expelled, M. Louis Blanc, or others like him, or inferior to him, will very likely have another innings. Will they go back still thinking of Jean-Jacques and the theories of '89? Alas for them, and alas for France, if they do!

We cannot close these remarks without adding, that much as we feel constrained to differ from the principles this volume implies or maintains, yet the industry and real honesty of purpose it displays are deserving of the highest praise.* M. Louis Blanc is so convinced, so intensely sincere, that, partisan as he is, he is substantially just. His research and painstaking minuteness are also enormous. In many respects it is the fullest history of the Revolution we know. It is brim-full of facts and very sparing of historical eloquence. The author is far too earnest for rhodomontade. No reader can be unwarily deceived by the writer's passionate advocacy, which he is at no pains to conceal. Altogether a noteworthy book, though, as we said, a sad one also.

THE STEP-SISTERS.†

To young ladies who admire novels of the old school we may safely recommend *The Step-Sisters*. It is a novel which might have been written in the golden age of fiction, when the novelist, not yet begun to grow earnest, and still happily unconscious of the dignity and sacredness of his calling, proposed to himself no higher aim than to amuse his readers and marry his heroines. The key to such a novel is usually to be found in the name. Given as our data that the novel is old-fashioned, and that it is styled *The Step-Sisters*, it does not require the ingenuity of Professor Owen to assign the type to which it belongs. In a new-fangled novel such a proceeding would be out of the question. It might perhaps be possible to fore-

* With one exception, which has surprised us. In his account of the battle of the 1st June, between the English and French fleets, M. Louis Blanc repeats, with little variation, the old shameless concoction of Barrère relative to the sinking of the 'Vengeur,' with colours flying, guns firing, and amid shouts of "Vive la République!" It is now twenty-four years since Thomas Carlyle, in *Fraser's Magazine*, showed conclusively that the whole story did not contain a grain of truth beyond the simple fact that the 'Vengeur' sank. This refutation depends not only on the testimony of Rear-Admiral Griffiths, who was an officer in the 'Culloden,' and received Renardin after his ship had struck, but also on "the despatch of Captain Menandin to his own government, dated Tavistock, 1 Messidor, An 2, whereby the statement of Admiral Griffiths is curiously and even minutely confirmed in every essential particular, and the story of the 'Vengeur' put at rest for ever."—Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv., "Sinking of the Vengeur." If M. Louis Blanc had looked more closely into the matter, he would have been spared the trouble of a rather long and sub-irritated note: and from reference to "plusieurs journaux anglais de l'époque, notamment le *Morning (sic)* du 16 Juin." "I have looked into various English newspapers, I have examined minutely from the beginning of June to the end of July, 1794, and I find there no trace of what Barrère asserts."—*Ibid.*

† *The Step-Sisters*. By the Author of *Heatherbrae*. (L. Booth.) Post 8vo. 2 vols. 2ls.

tell the destiny of one of the stepdaughters, inasmuch as she will probably be required to present a placid and retiring contrast to the strong-minded vagaries of the other; but conjecture pales before the attempt to anticipate the shape which these vagaries may assume. Who knows whether the novel in which her lot is cast is to be psychological, political, or religious? In the psychological novel the unhappy heroine will, by a series of moral gymnastics, be tortured into so many impossible attitudes, and so unshrinkingly and minutely anatomized for the sake of science, that in all probability every symptom of vitality will be extinguished, and nothing but an abstraction left. In the political novel it may be her proud destiny to send into the believer's lobby some M.P. wandering in search of a creed, and make him an ardent disciple of whichever party may justly claim to represent the true fold. In the religious novel she will be conspicuous for her rigid adhesion to the Rubric and her pious consecration to the services of the temple, of all the energies usually squandered upon calls and crochets. Yet even this threefold division of the novel is sketchy and unsatisfactory, when we consider how many theories on socialism, bloomerism, idealism, scepticism, and every other "ism" have been propagated by zealous and ponderous reformers, clumsily arrayed in the ill-fitting dress of the novelist. But all these doubts vanish when we come to a novel, round which there yet lingers the simplicity of the Saturnian age. In those days, as in the days of Noe, there was nothing but eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. Every Saturnian novel with two heroines is sure to be roughly modelled on the familiar game of German tactics. The heroines represent the officers, and their duty is to take as many men as possible. The men—to borrow an erotic metaphor from the valentine of Mr. Weller—are expected to "circumvent" the heroines. Of course the simile will not stand upon four legs, for, unlike the officers, the heroines are occasionally restricted to a straightforward course, and moreover in the third volume they cease to be invulnerable and secure from the chances of love and war. But notwithstanding that the heroines are in these respects less favoured, the advantage does not entirely rest on the side of their types. While each officer is the monotonous counterpart of the other, the heroines have all the benefits of contrast in complexion and character. Any one who can recall the Minna and Brenda of Sir Walter Scott, or the Miriam and Salome of Dean Milman, seldom needs any further introduction. One is usually a blonde, the other a brunette. The blonde is gentle, impressible, conciliatory; the brunette, haughty, self-reliant, and awe-inspiring. It would seem that even the distinction into species could scarcely prove a more effectual barrier to rivalry, than such different shades of complexion and sentiment; and, perhaps, but for the imperious necessity under which every novelist lies of creating a difficulty, each Amazon might secure her fair share of booty, without any interference whatever from the other. But in no novel worthy of the name can the course of true love run smooth; and for roughening the stream, and creating the required eddies and teapot tempests, there is nothing like a conflict between counter-currents. If the daughters of Servius had not been attached, the one by the ties of love, the other by those of matrimony to the same man, the elder Tullia might never have risen, by a gradation of crime, to parricide, nor Rome been given a republic.

By the end of the first volume, everything is in the desired confusion. The young nobleman is in love with the blonde, although we

feel that, considering how well a dark complexion is set off by a handsome coronet, and how much power there is in Tennyson's description of Cleopatra, it is not the blonde, but the brunette who should be "brow-bound with burnished gold." Besides, the haughtiness and majesty of her demeanour are quite in accordance with the usual picturesque conception of our aristocracy. However, it is something of a relief to know that the blonde does not reciprocate the attachment,—a relief, partly because we have marked out for her a less ambitious career, and partly because this fresh difficulty complicates the position. She, of course, must fall in love with somebody; and the most desirable object, from any but the parental point of view, is a very interesting youth, who has just been proved a supposititious child, and, from rank and wealth, been reduced to beggary and insignificance. There is obviously no impediment to a violent return of affection on his part, unalloyed by any but the most remote prospects of a prosaic termination in marriage. The brunette has also a despairing suitor, whom his friends have in vain endeavoured to pair with the blonde, and of whose admiration the adored one is loftily unconscious. The friends have no pity for the misguided youth, and heartlessly carry the object of his presumptuous affection to Madrid, in order that she may become at once the conqueror and the captive of a gentleman who is not only, like the other heroes, handsome, high-bred, and amiable, but who is further marked out for this high honour by being very delicate and deeply intellectual. To such a combination of the interesting and the agreeable, even our haughty heroine succumbs; and there is every reason to fear a most absurdly matter-of-fact and unobjectionable engagement, when fortunately the conquering hero proposes to the unsuspecting and blighted blonde. We must confess, that to procure so much excitement and confusion out of the loves of two heroines and four heroes seemed to us such a masterpiece, that to seek to improve on it were helpless folly; but it is not in the critic's ken to assign limits to the ingenuity of a lady novelist weaving the matrimonial woof. It is astonishing to find that two finishing strokes are wanted to complete the disorder. The young nobleman's mercenary father orders him to transfer his affections to the brunette, while the compassionate nature of the poor blonde, still sighing in secret for her disinherited knight, is so worked on by maternal selfishness, that she is induced to give her hand and whatever she can recover of her heart to the delicate and intellectual hero, in the hope of restoring him to health. Was there ever before so ingenious a complication, the memorable dead-lock in *The Critic*, which the beef-eaters disposed of, itself not excepted? Our readers will scarcely believe that out of this chaos perfect order is gradually restored, and that the curtain falls on an arrangement "most satisfactory to all parties."

How this puzzling problem is worked out we do not feel entitled to state. We agree with Mr. Wilkie Collins, that it is an undue exercise of the critic's prerogative to disclose the plot of a story in which the plot is everything. It is unfair to author and reader alike. We have said quite enough to stimulate the curiosity of those who have a taste for such novels, and those who prefer novels of a different type will not care to hear more. We must confess that we belong to the latter class. Few would deny that, in theory at least, the legitimate end of fiction is to present us with a faithful picture of life and manners, or,

to adopt the language, regularly revived on every anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, to hold the mirror up to nature. This end was answered tolerably well by the mediæval romance, when the whole duty of the Christian knight was to make love and war alternately, and existence without one or other excitement was a positive blank. But what an absurdly partial representation of nineteenth-century life in England, is given by a novel in which almost every incident from first to last is palpably introduced to create or remove a lover's difficulty! We would not be suspected of anything so atrocious as the wish to banish love-making altogether from the novel, nor even to refuse it the first place. In works of fiction, as in more substantial products, the demand creates the supply; they are dependent chiefly on young readers, especially young lady readers, and young ladies insist on being led through a duly graduated course of flirtation, rapture, and despair, up to the grand climacteric of bride-cake and bell-ringing. But though a young lady in a novel must have lovers, and even a choice of lovers, it is not less necessary that she should also have father, mother, or guardian, nor highly improbable that she should have brothers, sisters, and other relatives. In actual life we know that these obscure personages have in the long-run more influence on her happiness and disquietude than all the partners she may have encountered in the most favoured of garrison towns, unless it has been her good fortune to secure far more than her fair share of romantic misery. Why, then, should these important elements be so contemptuously omitted in a picture of ordinary life? Why should they not take their fair turn? If the authoress of *The Step-Sisters*, and all other novelists of the troubadour school, wish to see how this may be done, let them examine such a novel as *Framley Parsonage*. Mr. Trollope is one of the most popular writers of the day, and yet he is not distinguished by those unmistakable marks of genius which defy analysis or imitation. Without doubt the chief charm of his writings is their reality. No young lady can complain that any unbecoming indifference is shown by the writer to the love-trials of Lucy Roberts or the trousseau of Griselda Grantley. Indeed, the novel is cast in the orthodox mould—beginning with courtship, and ending with matrimony. Yet the whole business of life is not suspended, nor the sun and moon stopped, in order that the love-making may proceed without interruption. We are always glad to return to a heroine so interesting as Lucy; and yet, meantime, we can fully enter into the troubles of the indiscreet Mark, and enjoy the discomfiture of Harold Smith at the Proudie lecture. Let any one think for a moment into what nonsense a very sensible and agreeable novel might be turned if Griselda were first engaged to Lord Lufton, and Lucy to Lord Dumbello, Miss Dunstable to Sowerby, and Miss Proudie to Dr. Thorne, and then every incident in the novel made subordinate to bringing about the necessary reassortment. This would make sad rubbish, and yet it would be, we fear, not much more unnatural and exaggerated in tone than many such novels as *The Step-Sisters*.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Sliding Scale of Life. By James M'Levy. 2s. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.) In no walk in life is there more opportunity for moralizing than in that of a detective officer. That well-dressed young man, of gentlemanly appearance and slightly pensive expression, whom you see strolling along on the oppo-

site side of the street, is not only turning inquiring eyes on the passers-by, as if his chief desire in life were to know everybody if he met them again; he is also revolving deep thoughts as to the why and the wherefore of crime and its consequences, and putting to himself many social puzzles. Many apt illustrations have taught him that the great text of the weary preacher of these days is "all is selfishness," and he has his speculations on the advantages of penal correctives, while the question of education is frequently in his mind as he observes the very doubtful truth of that proverb, "What is bred in the bone comes out in the blood." Mr. M'Levy, whose slight anecdotes of his professional career we have before us, has made good use of his opportunities; and the result of his reflections is, that he earnestly advocates Ragged Schools, and considers Dr. Guthrie, who is the Lord Shaftesbury of the northern kingdom, the institutor of a social filter, which will do much to clarify the dirty waters of Scotland. We own we were not prepared for the utter foulness of those waters as shown by the author. Reckless sin, cold-blooded indifference to the sacredness of human life, calculating cunning, and love of vice for its own sake, we have seen exemplified in the many detective anecdotes which, dressed up in the gaudiest of styles, have been from time to time given to the world ever since Mr. Dickens first introduced us to crafty officers of Scotland Yard. But the total heartlessness to which a long course of systematic crime leads some natures, strikes us as a peculiarly painful feature of the stories before us. A man may commit a murder, and yet very possibly have some heart left, deep down somewhere in his nature. But what can be said of the man who is so lost even to that 'honour,' which is proverbially said to characterize his dealings with his fraternity, as not to scruple to rob his very poorest neighbour? Mr. M'Levy gives several instances which show that the thieves of Edinburgh are not above abstracting copper coin from the pocket of a poor widow, or appropriating to themselves the proceeds of the last remaining blanket, pledged by a shivering wretch at a pawnbroker's establishment. We cannot, however, quite approve of Mr. M'Levy's own morals. There is much heartlessness in another form, and considerable laxity of principle adduced against himself by the experienced Scotch officer, in a narrative entitled, "The Club Newspaper." We are using language which is far within the bounds of our sentiment, when we say that it was utterly unfair to induce the wife of a person suspected of stealing money, to purchase evidence of her husband's guilt in the shape of the money itself, on the understanding that the crime of newspaper-stealing, of which he was clearly guilty, should be pardoned on the production of the notes. The officer excuses himself by saying that there are necessities which go beyond all moral codes. We reject the excuse, because we deny the proposition, and can see no mitigating humanity in the fact that he showed some little delicacy in shirking the duty of apprehending the woman himself. For the rest, the anecdotes are amusing enough of their class, and possess none of that adventitious ornamentation which gives a pleasant dash of immorality to many similar "experiences." For ourselves, we must own that we consider this style of literature excessively wearying. It is the sort of book which you do not readily put down if once you begin it; but if you have occasion to leave off, you do not care to resume your study of it, while the effect of reading it straight through is the production of the same sort of unsatisfactory frame of mind which results from asking and guessing riddles for a couple of hours.

Tilbury Nogo; or, Passages in the Life of an Unsuccessful Man. By the Author of *Digby Grand*. Crown 8vo. 5s. (Chapman and Hall.) The drab covers of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's series of cheap editions of popular works are now become like familiar friends. Mr. Trollope's *Castle Richmond* has been followed by a reprint of the *Adventures of Mr. Tilbury Nogo, the Unsuccessful Man*. These sketches originally appeared in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, and were afterwards collected and published as an independent volume. The present edition is a seasonable reprint.

Nothing New. Tales by the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, &c. 5s. (Hurst and Black-

ett.) This is the newly issued volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library. It contains a number of stories by the well-known authoress of *John Halifax*. We are glad to have them collected together in this cheap and convenient form. Amongst them are "Lord Erlstoun," "Alwyn's First Wife," "The Water Cure," and "A Family in Love."

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Bliton (S. F.), Law and Practice of Sheriff Court of City of London, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
Blackie (A. B.), Bank Parlour, Experiences in Life of Late Banker, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. J. Blackwood.
Bohn's English Gentleman's Library: Walpole's Correspondence, vol. v., 8vo, 5s.
Bohn's Illustrated Library: Milton's Poetical Works, vol. ii., 5s.
Book of Good Counsels, translated from Sanskrit by Edwin Arnold, post 8vo, 5s. Smith and Elder.
Brathwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, vol. xliii., 6s. Simpkin.
Cartwright (J. E.), Poetic Spirit, and other Poems, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Longman.
Ceva (O.), Pleasures of Virtue, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Tresidder.
Chawner (Rosa A.), Hints and Hints, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
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Rebellion Record: Diary of American Events, 1860-61, part i. 3s. Tribner.
Reign of Infidelity, a Glimpse of the Last Days, by Oral, 12mo, 1s. 6d. Tresidder.
Robinson (W.), Sin of Conformity, addressed to Episcopalians of Cambridge, second edition, 8vo, 1s. 6d. Tresidder.
Ross (R.), Manual of English History for Senior Classes, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
Scott (Sir W.), Poetical Works, new edition, vol. xi. and xii., 3s. each.
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Streaks of Light, fifty-two Facts from the Bible, by author of "Peep of Day," 18mo, 3s. Hatchard.
Strickland (A.), Lives of Bachelor Kings of England, post 8vo, gilt, 12s. 6d. Simpkin.
Under the Spell, by author of "Grandmother's Money," 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.
Vaugh's Australian Almanac, 1861, 6s. Simpkin.

ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S LIBRARY.

If it did not savour of profanity to suppose it possible that the ghost of an archbishop could, under any circumstances, walk the earth, or that any mere subinary event could break upon the dignified repose due to its hierarchical position, we should venture to suggest that few troubled spirits would look upon the reckless extravagance of their heirs or successors with more signal disfavour, than would the supposed archiepiscopal sprite upon the proceedings of those who have the custody of the valuable library in which, when on earth, it was wont to delight. Some few weeks past, we gave, in two or three consecutive numbers of this journal, an account of the valuable collection of printed books belonging to this library, which was being at that time dispersed by public auction; and we now regret to see that the still more valuable collection of Manuscripts is about to suffer the same fate. The entire library, which was formed by Tenison with great zeal and with equal judgment, he had doubtless expected would, in consequence of his bequest, have rendered his name immortal, with that peculiar immortality so dear to those whose lives are much spent among books and apart from men, which consists in the grateful appreciation of those in subsequent generations, of like taste with himself. He might well deem that the student, turning over the pages of well-preserved and rare volumes, inaccessible elsewhere, or carefully collating priceless manuscripts, would cherish the name of the founder, to whose taste and munificence he was indebted for their preservation; but if such aspirations as these solaced the leisure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, more striking proof need not be sought of the vanity of human hopes. The books, as we have noted, are already dispersed to the winds, and a few days more and all trace of the magnificent library will have entirely disappeared. Yet pitiful, and we may even say disgraceful as is this fact, we cannot but think that attendant circumstances render the transaction only more creditable. The manuscripts themselves have obviously for years suffered gross neglect, and it is more than probable that a continuance of the same management, would have witnessed their entire obliteration. Few things require more careful preservation than old manuscripts or books, for once the damp and its attendant mildew allowed to approach them, the work of destruction is as swift and certain as it is insidious, and few collectors but have learnt by rueful experience the truth of this assertion. And now, after having undergone neglect, which we should hope and believe is exceptional in the conduct of our public libraries, the intentions of the founder are put on one side by those who are appointed to execute his testamentary directions, and the library is to be separated to satisfy the rapacity of the trustees. We use the term rapacity advisedly, for we are in a position to state, that the Trustees of the British Museum would gladly have given the value of the manuscripts, in order to preserve the collection intact, and we know that advances with that object have frequently been made by them; but recent sales have proved that chance, or the mania of collectors—we might use even a stronger word—have occasionally caused a manuscript to be sold for as many hundreds of pounds as it was intrinsically worth tens, and the trustees of the Tenisonian library have thought proper to take the chances of a public auction, instead of accepting the liberal offers of the British Museum; offers dictated, too, by a regard for the memory of the Archbishop, by which those to whom that memory is delegated,

are apparently far from being swayed. Having, however, expressed our opinion about the transaction, we shall proceed to draw our readers' attention to those articles which are of most interest in the catalogue, expressing a strong hope that those which are of the greatest importance will yet become the property of the nation. As death or change leads continually to the dispersal of our great private libraries or collections, we are generally consoled by finding that what is most truly valuable finds its way into the shelves or cabinets of the British Museum, where it will be alike cautiously preserved from the manifold risks to which its perishable materials are subject, and readily accessible to those to whom it is most especially valuable. Much that is of signal worth in our literature can yet not be fairly appreciated save by the collation of MSS. The writings even of Chaucer cannot be fully understood save by the aid of contemporary manuscripts; and for the light that they throw upon the manners and costumes of former periods, these relics are of priceless value. Under such circumstances it is a matter of extreme importance that all that are accessible should become the property of institutions where they are continually within reach, instead of remaining in hands where the vanity of the owner may be flattered by their possession, but where the permission to read or collate them involves favour given and received, is frequently capriciously bestowed, and sometimes churlishly withheld.

The most valuable manuscript in the collection is the *Prudentius*, No. 74 in the catalogue, which was recently exhibited at the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries. This fine manuscript is of the eleventh century; it has rather absurdly been assigned to the ninth, and is spoken of as the ninth or tenth in the catalogue; it is upon vellum, written in long lines, and is adorned with eighty curious and finely-executed outline drawings. It is, however, unfortunately, not perfect throughout, some of the drawings being blurred and defaced, and the conclusion is made up of another MS. of much less importance. This is still, however, a manuscript both of great value and singular curiosity and interest.

Next in value is lot No. 15, the "*Psalterium cum Precibus*," a beautiful vellum manuscript of the thirteenth century, the work of an English scribe. At the commencement of it are twelve figures of saints, illuminated on grounds of gold or blue, after which follow eighteen illuminations, depicting events in the life of Christ; there are, throughout the volume, some thousands of initial letters illuminated in gold and colours, and round some of the pages are borders grotesque in design and very admirable in execution. This manuscript was also exhibited at the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries.

Lot No. 11, though possibly inferior in absolute value, is of even greater interest than either of the preceding. It consists of the note-book of Lord Bacon, is entirely in his own handwriting, is unpublished, and, by its curious and characteristic records, throws considerable light upon England's great Chancellor. Some of the entries are didactic, and might be included in the *Essays*, as for instance, "Death comes to young men, and old men go to death; that is all the difference;" but the bulk of them consist of memoranda for his guidance in his own affairs, and speak volumes for his habitual shrewdness:—e. g. "To make a stock of £2000 allwaies in readiness for bargaines and occasions." "Insinuate myself to become privy to my L. of Salisbury's estates, noting it to Hickeys, and that my L. hath been once or twice about it." "To correspond with Salisbury in a habite of natural but no ways perilous boldness, but with dew caution." &c. "Making much of Russell that depends upon Sir Dav. Murry, and by that means drawing Sir Dav. and by him and Sir Th. Chal. in tyme the Prince." "Proceeding with the translation of my book of Advancement of Learning." These entries extend from July 25, 1608, to Oct. 28, 1609, and surely the importance of securing a volume like this for the nation need not be urged.

No. 12. The Holy Bible, translated by John Wickliffe; a folio MS. of the fourteenth century.

No. 35. Evangelium S. Joannis, Æthiopice; MS. of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

No. 42. Higden's Polychronicon, translated into

English by John de Trevisa, large folio, 1387; a splendid MS. upon vellum, with borders and initial letters, richly illuminated in gold and colours.

No. 49. "James I. of England. All the King's short poems that are not printed." A most curious volume, some considerable portions of which are in the handwriting of Charles I., when Prince of Wales; it contains no less than fifty poetical, and eleven prose, pieces of James I., which have never been printed, and the corrections throughout the volume are in the handwriting of James I. or of his son Charles. The poetic pieces are generally sonnets or other short poems, and are divided into Amatoria, Miscellanea, and Fragmenta. Among the subjects are:—A Complaint against the Contrary Wyndes that (hindered) the Queene to come to Scotland from Denmark; A Satire against women; three Sonnets on Tycho Brahe; Sonnet on Du Bartas; Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney; Epitaph on Montgomerie; An Enigme of Sleep. Sonett on Sir William Alexander's harsh veases after the Ingliche fasone; Song, the first verses that ever the king made, &c.

No. 60. "Matthæi Westmonasteriensis Flores Historiarum, ab anno 1058 ad annum 1326." Folio MS. of fourteenth century.

No. 65. A beautiful illuminated "Missale secundum usum Ecclesiæ Sarum" of the fifteenth century.

No. 84. A curious miscellany of English Theological treatises, a fine vellum MS. of the fourteenth century, in good preservation.

No. 68. Extract or out drwgt of the book cledid the Donet of Cristen Religioun, entitled the "Poore Mennis Myrrour," and These ben the gaderid Counceils of Seint Ysidore to enforme man how he schulde fle viciis and use vertuis. Two curious fifteenth century manuscripts bound in one octavo volume, from the pen of Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester; the first treatise unique and unpublished.

No. 88. Tractatus Theologici et Miscellanei tam prosa quam versu; a vellum MS. of the fifteenth century.

No. 97. Divers treatises by Wickliffe; a fourteenth century MS., containing several curious works of the Reformer, the greater portion being hitherto unpublished.

In addition to the Tenisonian manuscripts, there are some others belonging to another property, which though less valuable are still of considerable importance. The most valuable of these is No. 101, a fourteenth-century vellum MS.: Rolle (Richard), Stimulus Conscientiæ, or The Pryke of Conscience. This is a very curious poem, referred to by Warton, Ritson, and other writers. There are in this collection several autograph letters of characters distinguished in history or literature, which we doubt not will be eagerly sought after by collectors. The sale takes place on Monday, July 1st, at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Co., in Wellington Street.

SCIENCE.

THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

June 19.—Leonard Horner, Esq., President, in the Chair.

John Atkinson, Esq., Memb. Phil. Geol. Soc. Manchester, Thelwall, near Warrington; Major Nathaniel Vicary, Westgate, Wexford; and Lord Rollo, 18, Upper Hyde Park Gardens, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—1. "On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Isles." By the Rev. R. Everest, F.G.S.

By drawing on a chart a line traversing the deepest soundings along the English Channel and the Eastern Coast of England and Scotland, continuing it along the 100-fathom-line on the Atlantic side of Scotland and Ireland, and connecting with it the line of deepest soundings along St. George's Channel, an unequal-sided hexagonal figure is described around the British Isles, and a pentagonal figure around Ireland. A hexagonal polygon may be similarly defined around the Isle of Arran. These lines were described in detail by the author, who pointed out that they limited areas similar to the polygonal form that stony or earthy bodies take in

shrinking, either in the process of cooling or in drying. The relations of the 100-fathom-line to the promontories, the inlets, and general contour of the coast were dwelt upon; and the bearings that certain lines drawn across the British Isles from the projecting angles of the polygon appear to have on the strike and other conditions of the strata were described. After some remarks on the probable effect that shrinkage of the earth's crust must have on the ejection of molten rock, the author observed that, in his opinion, the action of shrinking is the only one that we know of that will afford any solution of the phenomena treated of in this paper, namely—long lines of depression accompanied by long lines of elevation, often, as in the case of the British Isles, Spain and Portugal, and elsewhere, belonging to parts of huge polygons broken up into small ones, as if the surface of the earth had once formed part of a basaltic causeway.

Several charts, plans, and drawings were provided by the author in illustration of the paper.

2. "On the Ludlow Bone-bed and its Crustacean Remains." By J. Harley, M.B. Communicated by Prof. T. H. Huxley, Sec. G.S.

Of the two bone-beds occurring near Ludlow, the lower one (seen in Ludford Lane, and on the north-east slopes of Whitcliff) is that which has supplied the author with the materials for this paper. Besides spines, teeth, and shagreen-like remains of fish, the author finds in the Ludlow Bone-bed three kinds of minute organisms: 1st, conical bodies, the same as the "Conodonts" of Pander; 2ndly, bodies somewhat like the crown of a molar tooth; 3rdly, oblong plates. All these bodies possess the same chemical composition and microscopical structure—which is decidedly Crustacean. With *Pterygotus* they do not appear to have any relationship, unless some are the stomach-teeth: nor do they show any alliance with Trilobites; but with *Ceratiocaris* they have a great resemblance as to structural characters, and some of them were probably the minute secondary spines of the tail of that Phyllopod. The plate-like forms might have belonged to Squilloid or Limuloid Crustaceans. To facilitate the recognition of these bodies Mr. Harley places them all in one provisional genus with the name of *Astacoderma*. A letter from Dr. Volborth to the author was also read in confirmation of Mr. Harley's opinion that these bodies are identical with Dr. Pander's "Conodonts." Numerous original drawings illustrated the paper.

3. "On the Old Red Sandstone of Forfarshire." By James Powrie, Esq., F.G.S.

The author described the series of stratified rocks belonging to the Old Red Sandstone, upwards of 3000 feet in thickness, stretching southward from the Grampians to the coast of Fifeshire. 1st. Dark red grits (with corstones and flagstones) equivalent to the English "Tilestones." 2ndly. Thick conglomerates and the Arbroath paving-flag. *Pterygotus anglicus*, *Stylonurus*, *Paria decipiens*, *Cephalaspis*, *Diplacanthus gracilis*, and other fossils belong to this part of the series. 3rdly. Thick-bedded red sandstone (with corstone): *Cephalaspis* and *Pteraspis*. 4thly. Soft deep-red sandstones. 5thly. Spotted marls and shales: these are the uppermost, and may be the equivalent of the Holoptychian beds of Clashbinnie. The author showed that between the Grampians and the trappean hills of Bunnichen and Bunbarrow the series forms a great syncline; and between these hills and the sea the older beds are twice again brought to the surface; and he believes that the marls and sandstones at Whiteness are not unconformable, as Sir C. Lyell has represented them in his published section.

4. The Secretary gave a brief account of the discovery of an exposure of sandstone strata with two bands of clay full of calcareous nodules containing plentiful remains of *Cocosteus*, *Glyptolepis*, and other fishes belonging to the Old Red Sandstone, in a burn about two and a half miles from the Manse at Edderton, Ross-shire, on the south side of Durnoch Firth. This information was contained in a letter from the Rev. J. M. Joass, of Edderton, communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.

5. "On the Outburst of a Volcano near Edd, on the African Coast of the Red Sea." By Captain R. L. Playfair, R.N. Communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.

At Edd, latitude 13° 57' N., longitude 41° 4' E., about half-way between Massouah and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, earthquake-shocks occurred on the night of the 7th of May or the morning of the 8th, during about an hour. At sunrise, fine dust fell, at first white, afterwards red; the day was pitch-dark; and the dust was nearly knee-deep. On the 9th the fall of dust abated; and at night, fire and smoke were seen issuing from Jebel Dubbeh, a mountain about a day's journey inland, and sounds like the firing of cannon were heard. At Perim, these sounds were heard at about two a.m. on the 8th, and at long intervals up to the 10th or 11th. The dust was also met with at sea; and along the entire coast of Yemen, the dust fell for several days. Several shocks were felt on the 8th at Mokha and Hodaida.

6. "Notice of the occurrence of an Earthquake on the 20th of March, 1861, in Mendoza, Argentine Confederation, South America." By C. Murray, Esq. Communicated by the President.

At about a quarter to nine o'clock, the first shock, preceded by a thunder-clap, destroyed the city of Mendoza, killing (it is said) two-thirds of its 16,000 inhabitants. Altogether there were eighty-five shocks in ten days. The land-wave appears to have come from the south-east. Several towns south-east of Buenos Ayres felt slight shocks. No earthquake took place in Chile; but travellers crossing the Upsallata Pass of the Cordillera, met with a shower of ashes; the pass was obstructed by broken rocks; and chasms opened on all sides. At Buenos Ayres, 323 leagues from Mendoza, and elsewhere, it was observed in watch-makers' shops that the pendulums moving north and south were accelerated; those moving east and west were not affected.

7. "On the Increase of Land on the Coromandel Coast." By J. W. Dykes, Esq. In a letter to Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

In the districts of the Kistna and Godavery, the land presents a parallel series of ridges and hollows near the coast, not in relation to the rivers, but to the coast-line. These may have been formed by sedimentary deposits, similar to what are now taking place on the Coromandel coast. By the strong currents, alternately running north and south, according to the monsoons, lines of sediment parallel with the coast are formed; and by the occasional interference of winds and tides dams are thrown across the hollows, and the latter soon become filled up. These parallel bands of coast-land become, in time, upheaved and more or less affected by atmospheric agencies.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

May 24.—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., F.R.S., President, in the chair.

John O. Westwood, Esq., M.A., F.L.S., Hope Professor of Zoology in the University of Oxford, delivered a lecture on "The Metamorphoses of Insects."

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 25.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the Chair.

A communication was read from Mr. G. F. Angas, Corresponding Member, dated from Collingrove, South Australia, April 19, 1861, containing notes on the Broad-fronted Wombat, of South Australia (*Phascogale latifrons*, Owen), and a coloured figure of the animal, taken from a male example living in the Botanical Gardens in Adelaide.

Mr. R. F. Tomes communicated a list of the Mammals collected by Mr. O. Salvin, F.Z.S., in Guatemala, embracing twenty-nine species, amongst which was particularly noticeable a new form of American *Muride*, proposed to be called *Myoxomys Salvinii*.

Dr. J. E. Gray read some observations on the Mammals obtained by M. Du Chaillu in Equatorial Africa, and described by that gentleman as new in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. The results arrived at by Dr. Gray were, that but one species out of the fifteen described by M. Du Chaillu was really new to science, namely, that named *Cynogale velox*, and that this had been wrongly referred to the genus *Cynogale*, being not a carnivorous animal, but a rodent, allied to the genus *Fiber*, for which Dr. Gray proposed the new generic term *Mythomys*.

A paper was read by Mr. G. R. Gray on the birds

of the family *Megapodidae*, giving a list of the known species, and a description of some new species, together with an account of the habits of this remarkable group of birds and their geographical distribution.

Dr. Baird communicated a note on the occurrence of the entozoon called *Sclerostoma equinum* in the testicle of a horse.

Mr. J. Y. Johnson communicated a description of a second species of coral, of the genus *Acanthogorgia*, from Madeira; and notes on the sea-anemones of Madeira, as observed in the neighbourhood of Funchal. Amongst the latter, were several species considered to be new to science.

Papers were also read by Mr. S. Hanley on a new species of mollusk of the genus *Pandora*, and by Mr. H. Adams on a new genus of shells, proposed to be called *Alora*.

The Secretary read letters from Capt. J. H. Speke, dated Zanzibar, relating to some animals collected in that island; from Dr. Shortt, F.Z.S., enclosing the skin of a snake found in India (*Daboia elegans*); and from Dr. G. Bennett, F.Z.S., dated from Sydney, and containing a notice of the habits of the semipalmated goose (*Anseranas melanoleuca*).

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

June 20, Anniversary Meeting.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the Chair.

The Rev. Frederick K. Harford, Samuel Sharpe, Esq., and W. H. Coxe, Esq., were duly elected members of the Society.

The following gentlemen were elected as the Officers and Council for the ensuing session:—President: W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., F.R.A.S. Vice-Presidents: J. B. Berne, Esq., F.S.A. Edward Hawkins, Esq., F.S.A., F.L.S. Treasurer: George H. Virtue, Esq., F.S.A. Secretaries: John Evans, Esq., F.S.A.; Fred. W. Madden, Esq. Foreign Secretary: John Yonge Akerman, Esq., F.S.A. Librarian: John Williams, Esq., F.S.A. Members of the Council: S. Birch, Esq., F.S.A.; W. Boyne, Esq., F.S.A.; F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.; John Lee, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.; Capt. Murchison; Rev. J. B. Nicholson, D.D., F.S.A.; Rev. Assheton Pownall, M.A.; J. W. De Salis, Esq.; Hon. J. Leicester Warren, M.A.; R. Whitbourn, Esq., F.S.A.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES.

The Anniversary Meeting was held at the Castle of Christiansborg on the 27th May, 1861, his Majesty King Frederick VII. of Denmark in the chair.

The Secretary, Professor C. C. Rafn, delivered a Report of the proceedings and state of the Society during the year 1860.

The following are some of the gentlemen who have been elected *Membres Fondateurs* (i.e. Honorary Fellows) during the past year:—Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia; Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria; Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of Victoria; John H. Wilder Cosby, Esq., Abbey Lodge, Ireland; the Earl of Ellesmere, and George Fair, M.D., F.R.C.S. Edinburgh.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

It was intimated last week that the opportunity afforded by this and other exhibitions would be taken, to glance at various questions which they suggest, and which the pictures exhibited would help to elucidate; and in conformity with that idea, we shall now glance at the British section of this interesting exhibition. The subjects are various, although by far the greater portion are portraits; but as the mass of them are by Reynolds, and his portraits are better worth study than the majority of pictures, even those of the greater names of the British school, we shall make no apology for considering this abundance of such portraits as a positive boon, instead of any cause for regret, to those entering into the deeper recesses of en-

joyment from artistic sources. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to go over the works of the earlier portrait painters, interesting as these are, nor shall we now dilate upon the qualities displayed in the works of Opie, Geddes, Ramsay, and others, because however valuable these qualities were as compared with the works of their contemporaries, they were also so evidently more or less reflections from the styles of their greater predecessors, that in entering upon the peculiarities of the greater, to a very large extent we embrace those of lesser artists.

Last year, if memory fail not, the directors of the British Institution gathered together the best works of Gainsborough, so far as practicable; and on the present occasion they have presented such an assemblage of the works of Reynolds as has seldom been presented to the British public, with just as many by Gainsborough as enables us to contrast the style and qualities of these two artists, who may be said to have laid the foundations of the present British school of Art. That Sir Joshua was one of the best painters of children has always been conceded, both by English and foreign critics, and the pictures here exhibited fully sustain this high reputation; and with full recollection of *The Strawberry Girl*, and some of the more popular pictures in this style, there never was anything finer came from the pencil of Reynolds, than No. 167, *H.R.H. The Princess Sophia*, one of the Queen's pictures, and exhibited by permission of her Majesty; while a study for the great Oxford window shows that, in the higher walk of historic art, Reynolds was a giant compared with many of those pigmies that have achieved temporary popularity in that walk which Sir Joshua was supposed unable to tread with success. No doubt, when Barry was at his zenith, and the classic style was all the rage, the historic works attempted by Reynolds were thought failures by those who esteemed the dry bones of the later Italian masters as higher art than the nature which breathed through all that Reynolds did, both in form and colour; but that was the transition stage of English Art, when classicity bore the same relation to living Art, that hoops, patches, and high-heeled shoes bear to genuine civilization. Even he did not always escape the evil contagion, for there can be little doubt that such pictures as No. 184, *Mary, Duchess of Ancaster*, in this collection, are too statuesque, and approximate too near to that Academic style which was the bane of the historic Art of that period, while he was not always successful in avoiding those defects in composition, by which portraits were divided into parts, as in No. 192, where the scattered disposition of the lights greatly detracts from the unity which a portrait ought to possess, and that concentration of the mind of the spectator on the head of the individual represented, which is one of the essential requisites of all great portraits; but with all such defects, where shall we look for the same amount and qualities of womanhood as are to be found in even the least successful of such portraits? The portraits by Gainsborough, in this respect, are not to be compared to those by Reynolds, and it seems astounding that even these two artists should have been named together as rival portrait painters. Yet so it was; and when the Lord Chancellor Camden, whose portrait is here, No. 161, was told that the town was divided between Reynolds and Gainsborough, said, "I go for Gainsborough;" and to that artist he went, and this portrait is the product of that preference. Dr. Wolcot took a different side in that great di-

vision; and although he ridiculed the portraits of Gainsborough in style with which we have no shadow of sympathy, and said, in effect, that he gibbeted his sitters like criminals on Bagshot Heath, yet it is difficult to look at the works of these artists now, without seeing that while Gainsborough painted well, Reynolds painted far better. And wherein lies that superiority? The greater versatility of Gainsborough is what meets any comparison of these two artists at the threshold of this inquiry. Landscape, with or without figures, as in the cattle pieces; the cottage-door or the market-cart, where the landscape and figures are so beautifully balanced as to prevent our deciding which are principal, displays a variety and facility to which Reynolds can lay no claim, while Gainsborough could paint boys and dogs with a combined strength, which reminds one of Murillo and Snyders: sketches of rustic cottages and deep dells shaded by gigantic trees, sheltering magnificently-painted cattle from the intense sunlight which is seen in other portions of such pictures. Gainsborough could also paint better portraits than this *Lord Camden*, or any other here exhibited, as we may see by his portraits of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Graham, and Master Buttel, better known as the "blue boy," which it is well known he painted to disprove the assertion of Sir Joshua, that a predominance of blue was incompatible with good effect in colour; in fact, it is difficult to believe the vulgar story, that Reynolds ever asserted that any quantity of blue was incompatible with good colour—an opinion which a glance at any picture by Titian, or any of the other great masters in colour, would have at once disproved. In this great variety of subject, and all painted with conspicuous power, there is a range of facility displayed, before which the everlasting portraits of Reynolds would have no chance, provided that versatility was the infallible test of superior genius. But that is precisely the point in dispute, and to some extent that same rivalry still exists among the admirers of these two great artists. There is a power of doing many things, such as was possessed by Milton in literature, and by Turner in landscape, which ennobles all it touches, and leaves the impress of a creative spirit on the meanest as well as on the mightiest of its works; but there is the more common facility belonging to the imitative rather than to the creative faculty, which fails to stamp its own impress strongly upon anything; and, in our opinion, to this lower platform belongs the versatility of Gainsborough. His works continually recall thoughts of other men, and Gainsborough seldom retains superiority in the mental contrast; his handling, hand-writing, or manipulation, being alone distinctly his own. Admiring his portraits or pictures, however energetic the drawing or transparent and glowing the colour, innumerable recollections from the earlier masters flit across the memory, while even his celebrated portrait of Mrs. Graham sends the thoughts to the works of Watteau, and the blue boy to the florid sculpture of Roubillac. Not that Gainsborough, of whom any school may be proud, was a copyist, or even destitute of sufficient originality of thought; but we put the case strongly, that the difference we are attempting to point out may be fully understood, which is, that while Gainsborough had a power enabling him to excel in many walks of art, he wanted that higher genius which would have enabled him to stamp the impress of his own individual thought pre-eminently on what he did. Reynolds had that higher power. He made no scruple of borrowing from others, having a portfolio of prints brought in after breakfast,

that, by turning these over, he might catch ideas to save him the trouble of thinking, as he expressed it. But even with this acknowledged borrowing, his own individuality is so conspicuous in his works, that when these were painted in the heyday of his strength, "Reynolds" may be read in almost every outline and marking of his brush. Numberless and great portraits had been painted before his time, and he had seen most of them; but we search in vain for any portrait by Reynolds, in admiring which, any of these more ancient treasures are recalled to memory. Take even what may be considered strong examples, No. 160, *The School Boy*, in this collection, at the British Institution, and his more celebrated *Nelly O'Brien*, which was exhibited at Manchester. This *School Boy* bears as strong a resemblance to the tone and style of colour made famous by Murillo in his beggar boys, as the qualities of the *Nelly O'Brien* to the still more celebrated head by Rubens; but in spite of the same general principles being visible in both of these examples, nobody can mistake the inherent differences in the working out and style of drawing in them, and which show that Reynolds, even when most like others, impressed with the certainty of a creator the marks of his own peculiar power as the most conspicuous element in all he paints. In his portraits even likeness often perished, and his brother artists wondered that he was not ashamed to send them home some of his portraits, they were so unlike his sitters; but in spite of this they were great pictures, and even in his own day they were valued more for their artistic merits than for any less important quality. This we take to be the test of genius, and upon this general principle we conclude that the genius of Reynolds was of stronger pinion.

The superiority of Reynolds in the painting of children, of which this exhibition furnishes so striking an illustration, also suggests some thoughts as to his qualities as an artist. The children of Vandyke, and others equally famous, are far inferior to those of the English President, and this we attribute to the fact that he was essentially a colour artist. Colour and feeling combined are the two requisites for painting children, as in their heads drawing is of less apparent importance; but even in drawing, Reynolds was superior to Gainsborough, who placed the head of Mrs. Graham awry upon her neck; a defect which, combined with the hard and meretricious style of colour in the head, makes even this the best of Gainsborough's female portraits pale before many of the female heads by Reynolds in the present exhibition. This might be demonstrated by going over the qualities of these portraits in detail; but let those who take an interest in such subjects, glance at their colour and styles for themselves, and we cannot doubt that, with more or less decision, they will arrive at the conclusion now indicated.

There is another class of portraits in this room of which it is still more difficult to speak, and upon which we shall therefore say as little as possible. Of this class No. 204, *Portrait of a Lady*, may be taken as an example. Whether such be by Reynolds, or not, it is manifest that they are at hopeless variance among themselves, not in style only, but also in thought, and the whole character of expression. The colour on the lower portion of this lady's face is clear, and the shawl which is tied across her neck and shoulders bears some resemblance to other portraits by this master; but here the marks of identity of production seem to end, and both the character of painting, as in the dress, and the character of composition, as in the head-gear and general gait, are so different,

that it is hard to suppose that the artist who undoubtedly painted many of these pictures, also painted others. The feeling, the dignity, and the hand-writing, if we may so speak, are distinctly different, the one being angular, defined, and without elegance, while the others have all the refinements of genius, which these so much seem to want. But of this, also, readers should judge for themselves, because when living artists cannot certainly, in some cases, identify their own pictures, we have no wish to dogmatize upon those which may, or may not, have been painted by artists so far back as Reynolds.

The older pictures in this collection are also worthy of attention, but these must stand over for the present.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Eighth Concert, Monday, June 14, 1861.

PART I.

Sinfonia (La Reine de France) . . .	Haydn.
Aria "Bel raggio" (Semiramide) . . .	Rossini.
Concerto, violin . . .	Beethoven.
Recit., "La Dea di tutti i cor" (Il Giuramento) . . .	Mercadante.
Aria, "Bella adorata incognita" (Il Giuramento) . . .	Mercadante.
Concerto in G minor, pianoforte . . .	Moscheles.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor . . .	Beethoven.
Duetto, "La ci darem" (Don Giovanni) . . .	Mozart.
Overture (Dubluc) . . .	Weber.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus.D.

Apart from the intrinsic merits of the concert, the expected presence of so illustrious a musician as Mr. Moscheles could hardly fail to attract a large assembly; especially, too, when his intimate connection with this Society in times past is considered. Although offers of the most liberal character have been made to him in other quarters, he generously reserved himself and the prestige of his name for the benefit of the one Society, with whose glories his own name is indissolubly connected, whose existence dates from half a century back, and to whom the musical world is indebted for calling into existence the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr. The welcome which greeted Mr. Moscheles on his entry into the room was so enthusiastic and so long-continued as to make it for the time doubtful whether he could proceed with his performance at all; however, silence was at last obtained, the audience finding a safety-valve for their pent-up homage by rapturously applauding at the termination of each movement, and recalling the veteran artiste at the conclusion of the whole. In the case of so renowned a musician as Mr. Moscheles, with whose merits and genius Europe has been familiar for more than forty years, criticism is not only useless, but impertinent; but we cannot suppress a feeling of regret that we are not often honoured in a similar way; and we would gladly exchange half-a-dozen of our modern professors of the romantic school, for one hour with so classical, so solid, and withal so rich and brilliant an executant as Ignace Moscheles.

The admirable performance of Beethoven's masterpiece, most appropriately reserved for this, the concluding concert of the series, must have convinced Mr. Moscheles that the same spirit, which in former times secured so incontestable an ascendancy to this Society, still actuated the orchestra; and that, however praiseworthy might be the exertions of younger associations, they would never surpass, even though they might rival, the excellence of the parent institution from which they themselves are sprung. The violin concerto was entrusted to the able hands of Herr Strauss, whose pure tone and finished style have on former occasions won the approbation of a Philharmonic audience. The vocalists engaged were Signora Guerrabella, Signor Steller, and Mr. Tennant; the two former of whom would have produced a much greater effect in the duett from "Don Giovanni" had they taken it at the usual time, and not allowed it to 'drag.'

The season which has just come to an end has been one of an unusually trying nature to this Society, not only on account of the sudden rise and apparent stability of more than one rival orchestral Society, but from the unexpected and involuntary secession of several of the principal members of the band; a circumstance which obliged the directors to use all their efforts towards its reconstruction; with what success we need not repeat. The next season will be one of unusual interest and importance, the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation; and we sincerely hope that the friends of this time-honoured and valuable institution will then, as now, rally round it, affording whatever aid may be in their power, material and moral.

The following is a list of the principal works performed by this Society during the season just past:—*sixteen* symphonies, eight of which are by Beethoven, three by Haydn, three by Mendelssohn, two by Mozart; *fifteen* overtures, five by Weber, three by Mendelssohn, two by Rossini, and one by Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Onslow respectively, besides *nine* concertos, three by Beethoven, and one by Mendelssohn, Molique, Bennett, Spohr, Moscheles, Kraft each; and three compositions of a similar character by Hummel, Mayseider, and Vieuxtemps.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Gye has lost nothing by postponing the first representation of Verdi's new opera, "Il Ballo in Maschera," even although advantage has been taken of the circumstance by the rival house, and the first charm of novelty been somewhat abated by its performance elsewhere. Instead of the incompleteness and general unsatisfactory nature of the performance, which must have been the case had the work been brought out, as originally announced, ten days ago, we have now a presentation as careful and exact as Verdi's most devoted admirers could wish. As we intend next week to give a rather lengthened notice of this opera, we will not now anticipate our remarks, but will merely record the complete success of the whole opera, as it was produced on Thursday evening last at this house.

The other performances during the past week comprise "Les Huguenots" (Grisi's second and last appearance as *Valentine*), "La Sonnambula," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." At the other house, three performances of "Il Ballo in Maschera," one of "Lucrezia Borgia," and one of "Martha," have taken place.

BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh recitals have been pre-eminently distinguished above those that have preceded them by the performance at each, of one of the three so-called "*colossi*," the Waldstein, Op. 53, in C major; the Appassionata, Op. 57, in F minor; and the Grand Sonata in B flat, Op. 106; all three of these works belonging to that period in Beethoven's life (usually denominated the "second") comprised within the space of ten years, from 1804 to 1814, when his grandest masterpieces, the Sinfonia Eroica, the B flat, the C minor, and Pastoral Symphonies were produced. Between the Sonata in F major, Op. 54, and the Sonata Appassionata in F minor, Op. 57, two compositions only intervene, the Sinfonia Eroica, Op. 55, into the history of which we entered rather fully in a recent number of this journal (*vide Literary Gazette*, June 15, p. 571) and the Concerto in C major, Op. 56, for piano, violin, and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment. But between the Appassionata, Op. 57, and the Sonata, Op. 78, we have a long list of interesting works, which we will proceed to enumerate: the fourth Concerto for the piano, Op. 58, in G major; three stringed Quartetts, Op. 59, in F, E minor, C major, respectively, dedicated to Prince Rasoumofsky; Op. 60, the fourth Symphony, that in B flat; a violin Concerto, Op. 61, the only one composed for that instrument by Beethoven (performed several times during the present season by M. Vieuxtemps, Herr Wieniawski, and Herr Strauss); the Overture to Coriolanus in C minor, Op. 62; Sonata in E flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello, Op. 63, arranged from the Quintett, Op. 4; Sonata in E flat, for piano and violoncello, Op. 64, ar-

ranged from the Trio, Op. 3; Op. 65; the celebrated Scena, "Ah! perfido," for piano and orchestra (performed at one of the concerts of the Musical Society of London, during the present season); Op. 66, Variations for piano and violoncello; the Symphony in C minor (the fifth), Op. 67; the Pastoral Symphony, Op. 68; Grand Sonata in A, for piano and violoncello, Op. 69; two Trios, for piano, violin, and violoncello, in D and E flat, Op. 70; Sextett, in E flat, for two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, Op. 71; the Opera of "Leonora," or "Fidelio," as it was subsequently designated, Op. 72; a fifth Concerto for piano, in E flat, Op. 73; Quartett in E flat, Op. 74, dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz; six Songs, from Goethe, Op. 75, the first of which, "Kennst du das Land," is tolerably well known in England; some Variations for piano, in D major, Op. 76; and, lastly, a Fantasia in G minor, Op. 77; the last-named work having been performed in public for the first time in England at the third and last of Mr. Walter Macfarren's series of concerts.

Sixth Recital, Friday, June 21st, 1861.

PART I.

Sonata in F major, Op. 54. Beethoven.
In Tempo di Minuetto—F major.
Allegretto—F major.
Song, "Our hearts in childhood's morn," Glick.
Grand Sonata in F minor, Op. 57 Beethoven.
Allegro assai—F minor.
Andante con moto—D flat major.
Allegro ma non troppo—F minor.
Presto—F minor.

PART II.

Sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78 Beethoven.
Adagio cantabile—F sharp major.
Allegro ma non troppo—F sharp major.
Allegro vivace—F sharp major.
Song, "Geraldine" F. Berger.
Sonatina in G major, Op. 79 Beethoven.
Presto alla tedesca—G major.
Andante espressivo—G minor.
Vivace—G major.

Mr. Halle's method of performance is, we think, most judicious; in the comparatively unimportant sonatas, he plays from book, by this means refraining from overtaxing his memory; but when he comes to one of the giant works, the book is laid aside (as in the case of the "Appassionata") and the sonata played by heart. Mr. Sims Reeves was the vocalist on this occasion, but his reception by an aristocratic audience, familiar with the strains of Tamberlik, Mario, and Giuglini, little resembles the welcome that he experiences at the Monday Popular Concerts or at Exeter Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

A very excellent concert was given on Friday, the 21st inst., at St. James's Hall, by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, assisted by Mlle. Parepa, Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley; M. Sainton and Herr Ritter being the instrumentalists. The concert is noticeable chiefly for its having brought to light one or two novelties, amongst which was a song, entitled "Bright Eyes," by F. Osborne Williams, a very pleasing composition, sung with great taste and expression by Mr. Sims Reeves. Herr Ritter, whose return to the London concert-rooms is a thing worthy of notice, played two *morceaux* of his own, one of which, the "Chant du Braconnier," we can recommend to any of our pianiste readers, who may be in search of a *new piece*. The whole programme was well selected, and all parties concerned seemed ambitious to do their best for the welfare of their sister artiste.

There was a morning concert also on the following day. Messrs. Benedict, Raudegger, and Lindsay Sloper, being the conductors—the term now-a-days used for *accompanist*—on each occasion.

During the past week concerts have also been given by the following artistes:—Miss Chatterton, Mr. Benedict, Mme. Catharine Hayes, Mr. John Francis Barnett, Mme. Oury, Miss E. Wilkinson, Mme. Nita Norrie, Mr. Scotson Clark, Miss Annie Elliott, Signori Bianchi, Fortuna, and Piatti, Miss Billing, Herr Deichmann, and the members of the Yorkshire Choral Union. The concert of Herr Kùhe, a brilliant pianiste and able instructor, which took place last week, was inadvertently passed over; there was little, however, of novelty in the programme, except the duett from the "Philemon et Baucis" of Gounod, a composer whose day is yet to

come in England. Some of Herr Kùhe's own compositions, such, for instance, as "Le Feu Follet" and "Die schönsten Augen," are pretty enough, and we wonder that he does not manage to introduce more of them into his programmes. His "Etude de Concert," in G flat, written to display the executive powers of Mlle. Clauss, is one of the most brilliant and effective pieces of its class.

OLYMPIC.

The well-known comedy "A Trente Ans" has been adapted for the Olympic Theatre by Mr. Horace Wigan; and we must do that gentleman the justice to confess that he has succeeded in producing a comedy every way more suited to the English stage than we should have expected from an original in which plot, construction, and sentiment are alike so entirely French. In the English version, which Mr. Wigan has named "A Charming Woman," Mrs. Bloomly (Miss Amy Sedgwick), a widow in the full bloom of maturing beauty, and qualities of head and heart fully on a par with her physical attractions, has nursed *Alfred Ardent* (Mr. F. Robinson) through the dangerous stages of a severe illness, with such zeal and devotion that his life itself is entirely due to her efforts; the natural consequence of such attentions, and the dangerous proximity into which they have been thrown, has followed, and *Arthur* is madly in love with the "ministering angel" who had "smoothed his pillow;" nor has the angel herself escaped perfectly heart-whole. *Alfred* makes direct proposals to the widow, while she is at the seat of *Sir Mulberry Matchem*, a Leicestershire squire, to whom she is on a visit for the purpose of amicably arranging a long-pending and ruinous law-suit. The company staying in the house at the time of her visit consist, in addition to those already named, of *Julia* (Miss Cottrell), daughter of *Sir Mulberry*, to whom *Alfred* has been some time engaged; of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bitterbliss* (Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Stephens), a couple disproportioned in years, the lady being ten years older than her husband, but still more unsuited in temper, in consequence of the jealous, absurd in extent, though not quite baseless, of the lady concerning her juvenile, and, if the truth must be owned, slightly erratic spouse; and of *Symptom* (Mr. H. Wigan), a valetudinarian gentleman, whose sympathies seemed so entirely enlisted on behalf of the physical condition of his heart, that he could have little time to spare for any softer emotion of that organ. He, however, has also been smitten by the "Charming Woman," though less, it would seem, by her personal charms, or, we must do him the justice to admit, those of her property, than of her excellent qualifications as a nurse; and accordingly, almost simultaneously with the offer of *Alfred Ardent*, she receives other and less flattering proposals from *Mr. Symptom*. While hesitating, and deferring the consent which her heart tells her she is going to accord to the first offer, *Sir Mulberry* enters and informs her of *Alfred's* earlier engagement to his daughter *Julia*, points out the unfitness of the union she contemplates, and urges, in addition, that his daughter's happiness, nay, even her life, depends upon *Alfred's* fidelity. The widow's resolve is quickly taken: she will save the young girl's life and preserve to her the affections of her betrothed. Accordingly, she swallows down the emotion which swells within her bosom, and consents to a plot with *Sir Mulberry*, by which the youth is to be made to believe that the woman he idolizes is not the intellectual and high-souled being he had imagined her, but, on the contrary, a vulgar, heartless woman, of the school known as fast. She writes an answer to *Alfred*, conceived entirely in such a spirit, and in their subsequent interviews maintains her assumed character admirably. *Alfred* is utterly staggered, and other circumstances and opinions happening to support this assumption of vulgarity, he at length conceives his bright vision dispelled, and vainly endeavouring to conquer his passion, he marries *Julia*; at the same time, from a motive which an Englishwoman would be slow to understand, *Mrs. Bloomly* consents to unite herself to *Mr. Symptom*. In the second act, the events of which take place in an hotel at Folkestone, *Mr.* and *Mrs. Symptom*, who have retired there in order to avoid all chance of the bride seeing her old lover, are surprised by

the arrival of the whole of the party who were before at *Sir Mulberry's* seat. *Symptom* is unaware of the underplot which has been carried on during the few preceding months, and he very fully undeceives *Alfred* as to the supposed vulgarity and ignorance of his wife, by identifying her with a popular and original writer; he also succeeds, quite unintentionally, in exposing to him the plot by which he has been tricked. In consequence, *Alfred*, forgetful of his young bride, throws himself at *Mrs. Symptom's* feet, and urges his passion with all the eloquence of which he is master. The lady, feeling the impropriety and danger of this proceeding, determines to take flight, on the pretext of an epidemic which has broken out in Folkestone. The nervous *Symptom* easily falls into the plot, but renders his wife's ingenious scheme worse than useless, by exaggerating her imaginary epidemic into a pestilence, and inviting the whole of his friends, *Alfred* included, to escape with him to his villa at Richmond. This invitation is accepted, greatly to the consternation of his wife, who finds the complications worse than they previously had been. In the third act the party are all assembled at the villa at Richmond; and here the wit of the widow hits upon an experiment, which, however improbable to succeed in real life, does well enough on the stage, and forms an amusing spectacle. She locks *Alfred* in one closet and *Mrs. Bitterbliss*, whose extravagant jealousy has commenced to pass all bounds, in another; and then, out of sight, but in hearing of both, *Mr. Bitterbliss* and *Julia* rehearse what is, in fact, a portion of some private theatricals that are in preparation, but which, to the concealed auditors, sounds like a passionate declaration of love on the part of the gentleman, followed by gradual yielding on the part of the lady. The rage of the two listeners, who cannot escape from their concealment, may easily be guessed; but an explanation ensues, and in this *Mrs. Symptom* succeeds not only in bringing her importunate admirer to a sense of the madness of his own pursuit, but also in eradicating from the mind of *Mrs. Bitterbliss* all trace of her absurd and contemptible jealousy. A very neat and effective tag, as it seems an epilogue is now called, brings the piece to a happy conclusion. The acting of Miss Sedgwick was beyond praise; and when she had to suppress her emotion, and endeavour by her behaviour to disgust the man who loved her and whom she loved, the manner in which her feelings were kept under control, and yet broke occasionally through their bonds, and all but regained the supremacy over her resolve, was one of the finest pieces of acting we have seen on the modern stage. Mr. H. Wigan was, of course, admirable as the "malade imaginaire," and the part generally was well sustained. We do not much admire the costume and appearance of *Alfred Ardent* but the walking gentleman in a genteel comedy, as it is the part most neglected, is the one that is almost inevitably caricatured. We are not saying that Mr. Robinson's part was caricatured, but in almost every instance the effect of the piece is marred when the heroine, whom all can conscientiously approve, pours out the tale of her sorrows or wastes the riches of her devotion upon a young gentleman whose manners seem adopted from the counter of the wholesale draper's establishments, and whose costume, if shown in the metropolitan streets, would excite the risibility and probably provoke the facetious comments of the street boys. The scenery, by Mr. Telbin, is indeed admirable, and the first scene, of *Sir Mulberry's* seat in Leicestershire, is one of the most effective results of scenic art that we have ever witnessed. Miss Sedgwick was enthusiastically recalled at the end of every act, and the piece is distinctly a success.

PRINCESS'S.

The tragedy of "Werner" has been revived at the Princess's Theatre, with Mr. Phelps in the character of *Werner*. A new and exceedingly slight piece has also been produced, under the title of "The Homestead Story," being an unskilful adaptation of Scribe's "Genevieve," the only redeeming feature in which consists in the opportunity it affords for the display of the vivacity and talent of Miss M. Harris. There are only three characters in the piece, consisting of an old farmer of the true conventional stage type, who is warmly, and even absurdly at-

tached to his daughter, and cannot even tolerate the idea of her marriage, in consequence of the probable separation that will ensue; his daughter, *Mary*, a charming young lady, who, in spite of great personal and mental charms, and a partiality for race-balls and the society of lieutenants in the army, has fallen in love with her father's steward; and, thirdly, the steward himself, a boy adopted in charity, but who has since rendered himself invaluable to the farmer, and become his right-hand in the management of affairs. This last is of the full-blown Hobbinol type, with no thought beyond oats and turnips, except the passion he entertains for his master's daughter. The only thing that appears to us ingenious in the plot is the manner in which the author succeeds in bringing about, with considerable difficulty, a marriage between these not over-well paired lovers, when all parties were so thoroughly agreed at heart that the only apparent difficulty consisted in keeping them apart. However, the caprice of the young lady keeps her booby lover on the rack of suspense and the point of enlisting, until she has succeeded in inducing her father to press her to marry the man she has all along been desirous of espousing; and this desirable result brought about, the curtain drops upon as tame a piece, and as lame and impotent a conclusion, as we remember to have witnessed; nor, on a retrospective glance, can we recall one happy hit or well-pointed allusion which could redeem this inert piece of dulness. We notice with pleasure that Mr. Fechter will shortly appear as *Othello*.

ST. JAMES'S.

"Un Gentilhomme Pauvre" has been produced at the French Plays, and will, we doubt not, form one of the greatest favourites of the many novelties which the enterprise of M. Denney has provided for the patrons of the French drama. We have already referred in these columns to the plot of this, in many respects, powerful drama, which achieved in Paris a great success, and secured for its author signal marks of favour from the Emperor Napoleon. The struggle it depicts between poverty and paternal affection is, undoubtedly, powerfully conceived; but the situations, thoughts, and feelings are so thoroughly French, that on this side of the Channel the grievances and subtleties of this "Gentilhomme Pauvre" present a ludicrous side, of which it is difficult to displace the impression, and we doubt whether the same lively sympathies can here be evoked which greeted this piece on its appearance in Paris. It has, however, one advantage for an English audience not generally characteristic of the French drama—there is nothing in it at which the most austere English moralist can cavil.

STRAND.

Mr. W. H. Swanborough, the acting manager of the Strand Theatre, announces his benefit on Monday next; and, among other attractions, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul will lend their aid, by giving a quotation from their popular entertainment. This, by the way, is announced as their only appearance in London this season.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

An interesting work is to be, or has just been, published at Berlin, being no less than an autobiography of Charles Frederick Zelter: these memoirs are said to have been discovered in a house in Pomerania, of which Zelter was the owner and occupant.

Another literary, theatrical, and musical journal has been started during the present month in Leipzig, *Die Sngerhalle*: the editor is Herr Mller von der Werra.

Henri Litolf has just put the finishing strokes to his grand opera, in five acts, "Rodrigo de Toledo"; portions of it have already been performed at some of the concerts at Wiesbaden.

A commission has been given to Signor Braga, by the impresario Merelli, to compose a new opera for the theatre of La Scala, Milan.

Stanzeri, the pianoforte composer, and intimate friend of Rossini, has just died at Paris, aged twenty-five.

Thodore Ritter, so celebrated as a pianist, does not appear to have been equally fortunate as a dramatic composer, his first operatic work, "Marianne," brought out a few weeks since at the Opra Comique, not having been very successful: the libretto, borrowed from the old, old story of Beaumarchais, "Le Nozze di Figaro," is from the pen of M. Jules Prvel. The next work that will be brought out here is Lefebvre Wely's comic opera, in three acts.

Giuseppe Concone, known in England principally as a composer of some elegant pianoforte compositions, but enjoying a somewhat higher repute on the Continent, died lately at Turin, his native place, in the fifty-second year of his age. His first dramatic work, "Un' Episodio di San Michele," brought out in 1836, was a complete failure; and he consequently did not succeed in inducing any manager to accept his next work, "Graziella," which he he subsequently published in pianoforte score. He was latterly organist of the Chapel Royal, Turin, for which he wrote several of his most pleasing sacred compositions. Amongst other works, he wrote "Les Sœurs de Lait," for two sopranos; "Comtesse et Bachelette," "Judith," and "Jeanne Hachette," besides several works for the pianoforte, such as "Etudes Melodiques," "Etudes de Style," &c.

MISCELLANEA.

We were considerably astonished at a paragraph which occurred in a weekly literary contemporary of last Saturday, to the effect that "during some recent excavations in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames, the undistinguished grave of Dr. Maginn was hit upon; that a kind of literary pic-nic, or feast of intellectual ghouls, had been held over the grave of this mysterious comic writer;" and that "it seems not improbable that the hat will be very solemnly sent round" to erect a monument to him. We can only say to all this—and we say it with full knowledge of the matter—that there have been no recent excavations in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames, that no literary pic-nic has been held over Maginn's grave, and that no hat is going to be sent round. There would seem to be a sort of epidemic of hoaxes prevalent amongst the editors of literary journals just now, and we fear that our worthy contemporary has fallen a victim to it in the present instance. The plain story is, that about six weeks ago, in the columns of our own journal, we drew attention to the circumstance that the body of Maginn lay in Walton churchyard, undistinguished by a single mark (*Literary Gazette*, May 18). That Maginn was buried there was notorious, and it only required a call upon the undertaker to ascertain the precise spot. Attention once drawn to the subject, it was not unnatural that steps should be taken to remove what we cannot but deem a disgrace to men of letters, in allowing one of the most brilliant of their number to lie buried like a dog. There is no talk about erecting a "monument," but simply a private scheme on the part of a few private individuals to place a humble stone over Maginn's grave. We are curious to learn on what ground our contemporary thinks it necessary to interfere in the matter at all? Is it because Mr. Grantley Berkeley, Maginn's patrician foe, is of the same household as the *Critic*, and that the ancient animosity is still kept up, though its object is no more? Or is it to earn once more the praise of being "active and lynx-eyed"? Let our worthy contemporary remember that it is possible for activity to degenerate into fussiness, and that lynx-eyed may become synonymous with intrusive. We cannot close without quoting a wondrous generalization which our contemporary announces, and on which we recommend our own readers to ponder:—"To our thinking, monuments are only needed for those, whom without them we may chance to forget"!

On Monday last we were admitted to the private view of the water-colour drawings now being exhibited at the Royal Institution in Manchester. The large sums of money expended by the wealthy inhabitants of that wealthy city in the purchase of works of art, are well known; and it is gratifying

to find that the buyers of pictures are as liberal in lending them to the public as they are in remunerating the artist. The present exhibition contains water-colour drawings by some of our very best men; and the people of Manchester, who may be supposed to have gained a tincture of art-knowledge at the time of their memorable exhibition of art treasures, have now an opportunity of improving that knowledge by inspection; and in some cases, let us hope, by careful study of the drawings of such masters as Turner, Hunt, Stanfield, David Roberts, Cattermole, Copley Fielding, Danby, and Calcott. The only drawback to such an exhibition of gems is, that they create an *embarras de richesses*, and perhaps a better effect would be produced if there were only half-a-dozen really first-rate works, which would be sufficient to instruct without confusing the mind of the spectator. In spite of this possible disadvantage, however, these exhibitions, in the leading provincial towns, such as Manchester, must be, in the main, productive of an immense amount of good, and so far, therefore, are matters of sincere congratulation.

The general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution will be held on Monday next, at two o'clock.

Mr. C. T. Newton, of Christ Church, Oxford, late British Consul at Mitylene, and afterwards at Rome, will shortly publish, in a folio volume, an account of the results of his excavations at Halicarnassus and in other parts of Caria.

We regret to note the death of Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby, known in the literary world not only as the head of the well-known and respected firm of Sotheby and Wilkinson, but also as the author of some valuable and curious works. The principal of these consists of *Principia Typographica*, a most elaborate work on Block-books; *An Elucidation of the Autograph of Melancthon*, and a companion volume entitled *Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*, which is now in the press and almost ready for delivery. Mr. Sotheby had also for many years of his life been engaged in collecting materials for a work illustrative of our early English poets, and there is little doubt that he was in possession of an amount of curious and important information upon this subject, much of which came beneath his hands in the prosecution of his business, which to have obtained otherwise would have employed years of unproductive labour. It is to be hoped that this valuable property will fall into hands who will know how to employ it. Mr. Sotheby was in his fifty-seventh year at the time of his death, which took place on Wednesday, the 19th instant; the manner in which it occurred being exceedingly painful, as appears from the evidence given at a coroner's inquest held upon his body. Mr. Sotheby was subject to fainting fits, and in one of these he fell into the river Dart, there not more than two feet deep; but no assistance being near, he was drowned. Mr. Sotheby was Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and member of several literary societies.

It having come to the knowledge of the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, that the members of the Police force had formed several bands among themselves, and that the more advanced who were able to play together now numbered sixty, they communicated with Sir Richard Mayne, offering them an opportunity of appearing at the promenades of the Society in the Gardens, South Kensington, Sir Richard has granted permission, and today (Saturday) the Fellows of the Society and the public (the 29th being a day when admission is to had by payment) will have an opportunity of hearing the blue-coated amateurs.

M. Mirs, the renowned French financier, has just published a volume, entitled *Ma Vie et mes Affaires;  mes Juges*. It is of course an elaborate defence, by means of figures, facts, and argumentation; how far conclusive we cannot here decide.

Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street, has just published a portrait of his Highness Prince Louis of Hesse, the future husband of the Princess Alice. It is engraved on stone from a photograph in the possession of the Princess Alice, and although rather failing to give Prince Louis his peculiar benignity of expression, is on the whole decidedly successful.

With one more piece of information, we hope to have done with "the Poet Close" for ever. By way of compensation for the disappointment which our poet must have felt at the withdrawal of his abortive pension, or for expenses into which he might have wildly launched on the strength of an addition of fifty pounds to his yearly income, Lord Palmerston has given him the sum of £100 from the Royal Bounty. We think that such a concession as this was plainly due; only it ought to have been given from Lord Palmerston's private pocket. It is a pity that any but officials should suffer for official blunders. We give the replies of Lord Palmerston and the Earl of Carlisle to the unlucky Laureate. We must say, that the way in which Lord Palmerston's Secretary throws the Lord Lieutenant's letter in Close's face, strikes us as especially cool, as if the Premier himself had not supposed that Lord Carlisle wished to recommend Close:—

"Downing Street, June 3, 1861.

"Sir,—I am desirous by Lord Palmerston to inform you, in reply to your letter of the 30th of May, that if you can show that you have incurred liabilities in consequence of the announcement that a pension was to be granted to you, Lord Palmerston will take into consideration any claim which you may put forward for a donation from the Royal Bounty; but he can see no reason to alter his decision, and he must observe that Lord Carlisle's letter, of which you send a copy, does not prove that Lord Carlisle recommended you for a pension.—I am, &c.

"Vice-Regal Lodge, June 4, 1861.

"Sir,—I am desirous by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st ult., and in reply to inform you his Excellency thought this prospect referred to the publication of your books or to a private subscription. His Excellency never had the least idea that it referred to a pension from the Crown. Of course, his Excellency's letter must speak for itself, and have the honour, &c., &c.

How bitterly must the illustrious Laureate think of his premature eulogies—to Lord Palmerston, at any rate:—

"Unto God be all the glory,
And to Palmerston his due;
All the world who hears the story,
Every one must love him too."

We learn that painted glass windows are finding their way back into Presbyterian Scotland; Mr. Ballantine, of Edinburgh, having just put up in Glasgow Cathedral the first of a series of stained glass windows. It is erected by the Chevalier Burnes, K.H. (head of the family of the poet Burns), to the memory of his brothers, Sir Alexander and Charles Burnes, who fell in Cabool in 1841, and of his eldest son, Mr. George Holmes Burnes, who met his death at Lucknow in 1857, rather than abandon a little child, whom he had rescued with his own hand. The window is said to be a very successful one.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce for July:—*The Okavango River; a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*; by Charles John Anderson, author of *Lake Nyami*. *The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.*; edited from rare and unpublished documents, by Dr. Challice. *Paul Foster's Daughter at Home*; by Dutton Cook. *A Family History*; by the author of *The Queen's Pardon*.

A meeting of the Ethnological Society of London will be held on Tuesday, July 2nd, at eight o'clock precisely, when a paper will be read by Captain Richard Burton, consisting of Ethnological Notes on M. Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa."

Count Cavour's Memoirs, from original Italian sources, embracing his entire career, by Mr. J. Devey, will shortly be published by Mr. Manwaring.

Mr. B. Waterhouse Hawkins will deliver a course of five lectures, "On Vertebrate Animals, from the lowest form to the Gorilla; considering the special relation of the Quadrumana to Man;" in connection with the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature. This course opens to-day (Saturday). Considering the great interest which the subject is exciting at the present time, and the position of the lecturer, we do not doubt the course will be well attended.

We find that we were misinformed last week as to the source of the expression "literary gorilla," occurring in the letter of the pseudo-Pennell to Mr. Dixon, and that it is not derived from *My Satire and*

its Censors. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a letter on the subject from Mr. Alfred Austin, distinguished by the good taste, the courtesy, and the gentlemanly feeling for which that pigmy satirist is already so famous.

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1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 6
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £2 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cret and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most

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FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and

CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £3 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £3 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £100; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set, to £3 4s.

The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-places.

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as inferior kinds are often substituted.

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a few minutes, without injury to the Skin.

Ten years' trial has proved the efficacy of ATKINS' PREPARATION for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least injury to the skin. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 5s. money order or stamps.

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CAUTION!—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase the various imitations.

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—Dr. H. JAMES discovered, while in practice in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East Indian Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the ralu vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery) to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price 10s. per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, can have a recipe free containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, on receipt of a stamped envelope with their address, sent to O. P. BROWN, No. 14, Cecil Street, Strand, London.

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The Press in all parts of the world has been very liberal in praise of Dr. H. James's Medicines, as well as of his fair and disinterested method of disposing of them—the "Extract of Cannabis Indica" particularly.

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